THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI
No. 1781

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MARCH 10
1934

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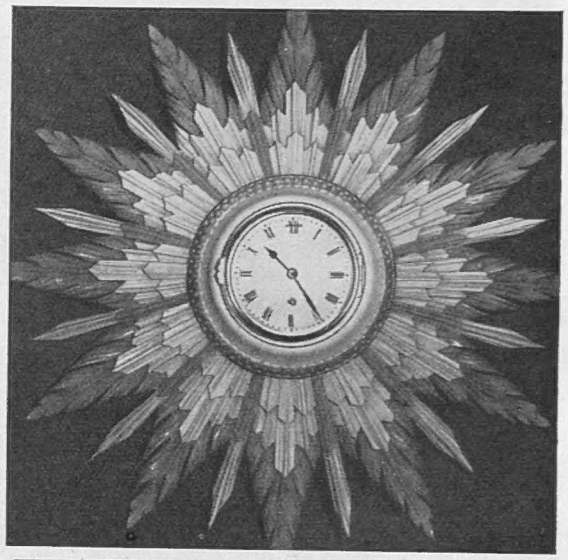

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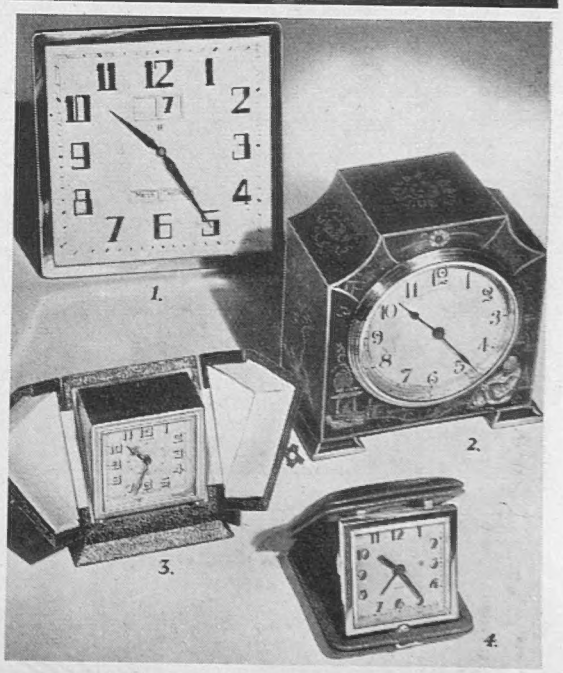

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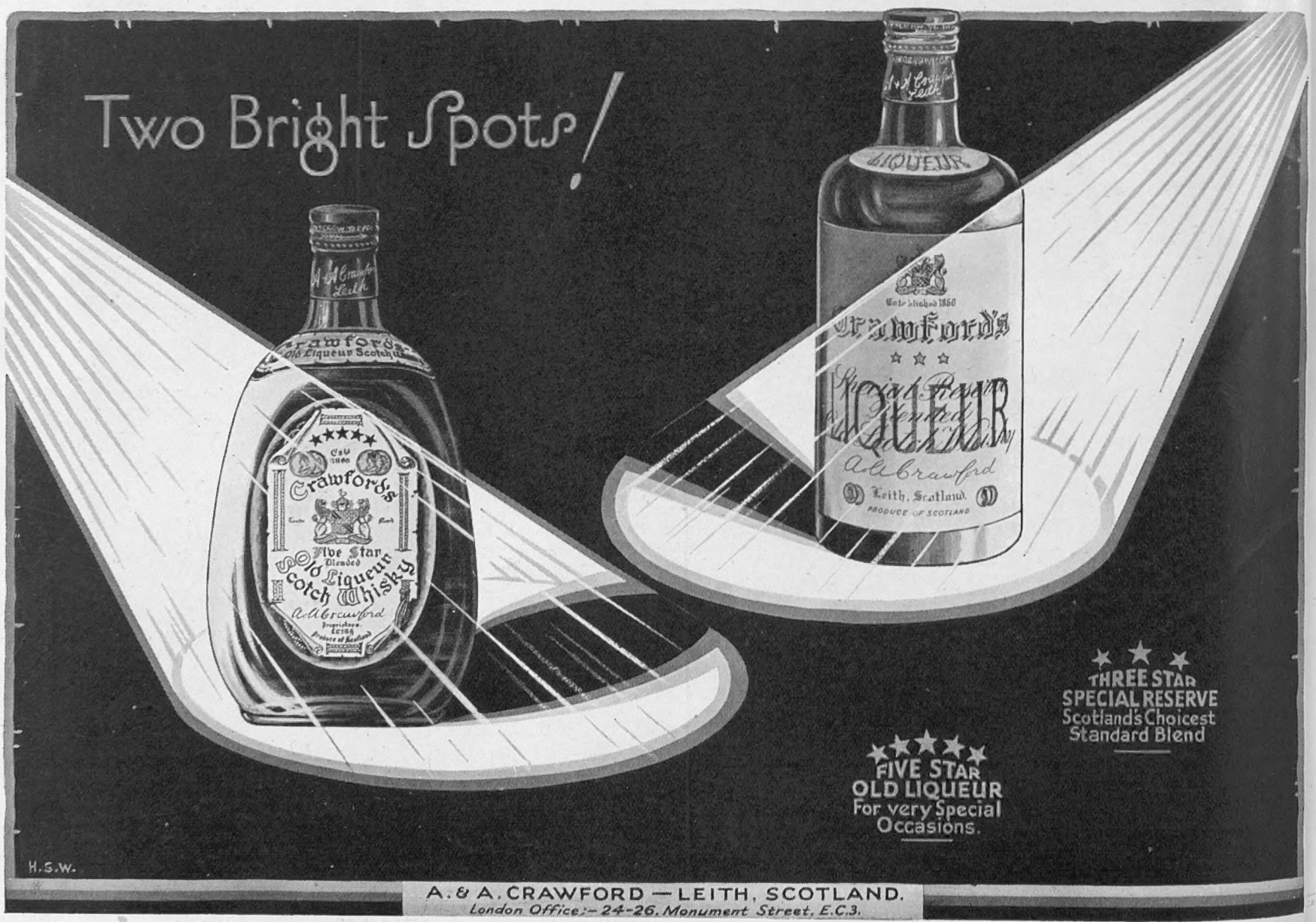

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 10, 1934

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

The Libel Action in which Princess Youssoupoff was Awarded £25,000 Damages

One of the most dramatic legal actions of recent years came to an end this week when Princess Youssoupoff was awarded £25,000 damages for what she claimed was a libellous representation of herself in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Rasputin, the Mad Monk*. Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., appeared for the Princess, and Sir William Jowitt for the defendants. The trial was particularly noteworthy for the evidence given by Prince Youssoupoff relating to the murder of Rasputin whose evil and dominating influence over the Russian Court was only ended by his violent death. In the top picture on this page the Prince and Princess are seen examining a section of the film after the case; and, below, they are seen at the small party which they held at Frascati's at the conclusion of the case. Left to right—Countess Kleinmichel, Princess Nikita, Prince Galitzine (standing), Mrs. Harold Brooks, Count Kleinmichel (standing), Prince Nikita, Mr. Harold Brooks, Princess Youssoupoff, and Prince Youssoupoff

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

HARDLY HUNTING WEATHER: Snow, fog, and hard going are some of the factors which have gone to make the present season one of the worst on record. This picture was taken at a recent meet of the Earl of Harrington's hounds which hunt the Derbyshire side of the South Notts country

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 7, 1934.

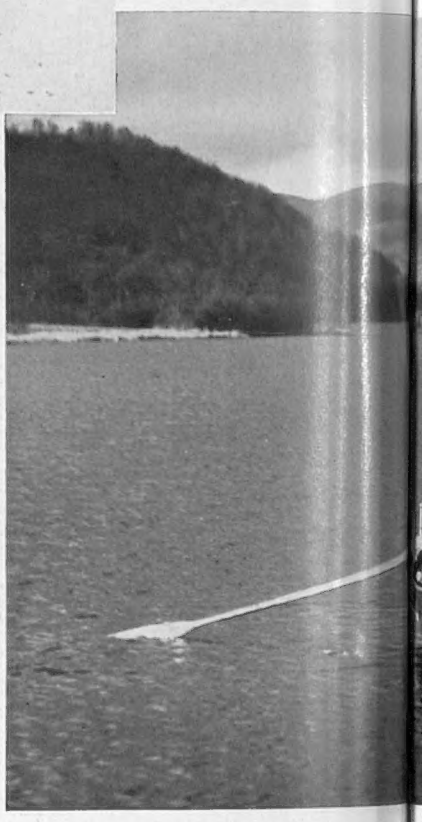
THE HABSBURGS TO RETURN?—The return of the representative of the Habsburg monarchy—Archduke Otto—to Vienna is one thing; to the throne of Austria, another. Yet the first is a necessary step towards the second, and in it there lies the danger of temptation which besets a greedy boy who has no intention of stealing the jam but would like to hold the jam in his hands. The "greedy boy" of my parable is not Archduke Otto so much as the Austrian Fascist and the Roman Catholic groups in Austrian politics. Prince Starhemberg and the Heimwehr as well as the Catholics are at heart monarchists, and probably nothing but the fear of increasing the hostility or political interference of neighbouring or great Powers would prevent an early attempt to re-establish the Habsburgs. What extent of hostility such an action would create is by no means clear. The ban on the Habsburgs is based solely on the Ambassadors' Conference of 1921 in which France, Britain, Italy, and Belgium took part; and it is no irrevocable ban. From Germany, of course, hostility must be expected, as also from the "Little Entente" Powers which regard the prospect with particular anxiety. For there is always the fear that the return of the monarchy might bring out even more clearly in Austrian hearts the memories of the pride and extent of its former territories. On the whole the young Archduke has kept a guard on his tongue, though one or two unwise references to pre-War Austrian territory have been attributed to him; and on the whole he has escaped the worst indiscretions of his too exuberant supporters. He is rightly shy of publicity, has done his best not to embarrass his hosts in Belgium, and is always furious when his name and aspirations are used by indiscreet monarchists. While his restoration, if it could be accomplished, would probably be the best safeguard against Austro-German union, and admitting that neither France, Britain, nor Italy are wholeheartedly opposed to it, I doubt that it will come about in the near future. For that reason the return of Otto and his family to Austrian territory is likely to be dangerous to him, to Dollfuss' Government, to Austria, and to the peace of Europe. He had far better increase in wisdom, philosophy, restraint, and statecraft in Brussels and wait till the cat jumps naturally (and not as the result of a squib).

THIRTY YEARS AGO: High politics in a railway carriage—a drawing by Clement Fowler from "The Sphere" of March 12, 1904, a month after Japan's declaration of war on Russia. A Japanese is seen explaining his country's plan of campaign. The silk hats should be noted

THE PARIS EMBASSY.—As anticipated, the plum of the Diplomatic Service is changing hands and Sir George Clerk has been selected to succeed Lord Tyrrell at the historic house in Paris which is the British Embassy. Few men exerted such influence as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office as Sir W. Tyrrell after the War. In the stages which led up to the tragedy of the Great War he was hand-in-glove with Sir Edward Grey, whose private secretary he then was, and his silent influence even before the War was recognized in Europe. After the War, he and Sir Eyre Crowe, mutually helpful and sympathetic, were a team of very remarkable power in diplomatic negotiations, and since he went to Paris Lord Tyrrell has carried out without a breath of criticism a task demanding unprecedented tact, diplomacy, and sympathy. If diplomatic results appear on paper to be small, considered in relation to disarmament progress and the advance to European security, it must be remembered how different to-day is the position of an ambassador from what it was in the days before communications were made so swift and easy. Now the average ambassador is, in vital diplomatic relations affecting Europe, more of a post-office than a trusted negotiator; members of the Government relieve him of negotiations which were once his sole prerogative and the conversations of Ministers take the place of ambassadorial negotiations. It may be we should have gone further and fared better if the powers of ambassadors had not been emasculated. On the other hand, the matters which fall to be dealt with by ambassadors to-day have multiplied. Some of our ambassadors ruefully complain that they are nothing but commercial travellers or trade agents, and the scope of their activities never ceases to expand. In all matters affecting the Paris Embassy, over which his responsibility has been unfettered, Lord Tyrrell has given the fullest satisfaction, while his tact and sympathy with the French mentality have prevented a great deal of racial bitterness, fostered by reckless Press comments or resulting from divergent aims in international politics. Finally, his information has been accurate and full and his judgments exceedingly shrewd. Sir George Clerk is sixty years old and has had a wide experience of post-War reconstruction; for he watched the miracle of Kemal's rise and achievement from within and was a personal friend of the Ghazi. He has also represented Britain in Czechoslovakia and in Belgium, and comes to Paris after less than a year in Brussels. Like Lord Tyrrell, he has a wife of more than ordinary ability and versatility.

CANON OF WINDSOR.—Mr. Stafford Crawley's appointment to succeed Mr. Blackburne as Canon of Windsor will be welcome to his innumerable admirers and especially to the Primate whose chaplain and right hand he long was in the Diocese of York. There are now, I believe, three instead of four Canons of Windsor, the appointments carrying salaries of £1,000 a year and affording opportunity for much useful work outside Windsor in the affairs of the Church. Canon Crawley, of late Hon. Canon of St. Albans and diocesan secretary in St. George's Chapel, comes of a famous cricketing family and has carried on the great cricketing tradition in the persons of his sons who are first flighters in a variety of ball-games. But the new Canon of Windsor will watch cricket on the playing fields of Eton with the eyes of a rival. He comes from Harrow, as all his clan, and may perhaps discover on Agar's Plough the secret which Harrow has so long failed to unearth—how to end its lamentable series of failures at Lord's.

HISTORIC EVIDENCE.—An event, which must be almost unique, took place last week in our courts when a witness in a civil action described in the box his deliberately planned arrangements for committing murder and the long-drawn-out efforts by which he ultimately succeeded in doing his victim to death. Prince Youssoupoff, in the normal procedure of supporting his wife's case in a civil action, gave under oath the authoritative details of the killing of Rasputin, forming a document which must figure in every future history. For there is all the difference between statements in a book and statements made on oath in a law court. It was indeed an event unique in the records of our courts, and as such was passed over with curiously little interest. The reason for this is clear. The fact, if not the precise details, has long been known to the world, and Prince Youssoupoff's terrible assumption of responsibility widely condoned. The calm, impersonal description of his actions in the witness box, the absence of horror or revolt in his audience, and of sensationalism in the Press on the morrow are the measure of Rasputin's reputation for evil in the civilized world. If murder can ever be justified, the world's opinion is that it was justified in the Moika Palace on the night of December 16, 1916. But the horror of the business has no parallel. For Prince Youssoupoff, *que de souvenirs, que de regrets!* Yet he has lived through it and lived them down. I ought to add that my comment lies entirely outside the legal questions in dispute in the civil action recently decided.



PATIENCE IN A ROWING BOAT: A delightfu

THE HOME OF WATTS.—A house which has been your home and in which you have spent many

happy days becomes a part of what makes up your life, your identity, and your cherished memories. Therefore I read with sorrow of the total destruction by fire of the Briary, Freshwater. Lured to Freshwater by the presence of Tennyson and his circle at Farringford on the opposite side of the lane, Watts began to build the Briary in 1872, providing it with a huge studio with great northern lights; in it some of his best-known canvases were painted. But Watts did not long occupy the charming house (which has of late been widely reproduced in "Houses for sale" advertisements). The Princeps lived there when it was finished in 1874, and Watts moved in in the summer of 1875 and finally left it in 1878. Ellen Terry was still his wife during most of this period, but never lived at the Briary. And so it passed from hand to hand, multiplying usually happy memories of long summer days under the golden down on which the Tennyson memorial stands, which afforded walks of matchless delight to the Needles and Alum Bay. These memories it is pleasant and sad now to recall; most vivid of all, perhaps, is the memory of the luscious green figs which the Briary garden produced each year, for size, succulence, and profusion rarely equalled.

A LITERARY EVENT?—Here follows an amateur disquisition on the work of two British women novelists of note to-day. The authoress of *Turnip Tops* (=twenty-four thousand) has followed up her success with *When Yellow Leaves* . . . and, having greatly enjoyed *Turnip Tops*, I got my copy of *When Yellow Leaves* on the day of publication. And now I am watching the reviews with great interest. The weight of a name is so all important in fiction that I shall expect a chorus of praise. Not being myself a qualified reviewer of fiction, but a mere casual reader of an occasional new novel, I found *When Yellow Leaves* disappointing. Mrs. Boileau is a tremendous Tory and so (in all matters affecting the old traditions of English country life) obstinately, selfishly, and illogically am I. Yet even I grew tired of her slings and arrows and her Tory propaganda levelled at the iconoclasm of a new age. I do not relish every aspect of the new world, far from it, and I wish, as Mrs. Boileau does, that the old estates could remain for my time in the hands of their old owners; but I cannot sympathize in her method of damming the flowing tide of economic facts with a barrage of words; and, really and truly, I doubt if the argument in regard to breeding up the "fine old yeoman stock" for the British Army is a very potent one to-day wherewith to bring a sense of shame to the rising generation of iconoclasts! And when, to round her story off, Mrs. Boileau descends to the methods of the pre-War American film melodrama to loose the villain's stranglehold on the "old haume" my interest fell from temperate to cold. If I had behind me Mrs. Boileau's deserved success with *Turnip Tops* I should have been anxious to follow it up while the prospects were bright. And perhaps Mrs. Boileau recognized the risks which a judiciously quick sequel involves. There is something to be said for taking the cash and letting the credit go. Not that *When Yellow Leaves* is a careless work. It shows much insight and is redeemed with a good deal of Mrs. Boileau's remarkable power of investing her characters and countryside with reality and atmosphere, and there is much to charm in a number of descriptive passages. But — perhaps owing to the force of her convictions —propaganda ousts art, and crude devices help the plot along. What will the critics say?

A WARNING TO WANTON NOVELISTS.—There are many new constellations weekly announced in the firmament of contemporary fiction. They usually fizzle out like shooting stars when the advertising allocation is used up. But Miss Mary Mitchell's claim is surely more firmly established. In her *Warning to Wantons*, which I unhesitatingly recommend to jaded readers of fiction, she has essayed the impossible and succeeded admirably. She deliberately set out to build something new and enduring with the most brittle, delicate, and unweldable materials. She set herself to translate the style of the "Dolly Dialogues" into the language and psychology of the Paris Salon of the eighteenth century, and with it to clothe an outrageously fantastic romance which centres round a heroine, half Rima, half Dolly Mickleham, wholly Parisian, in a setting which is Ruritania robbed of its reality. And she has succeeded. The artificiality of dialogue should by rights have brought her structure to the ground after five chapters; the endless reiteration of feminine duels, with sharp claws hid in velvet gloves, should have wearied her readers after a few thousand words. But not a bit of it! The monstrous fantasy, with its screaming artificiality of character and dialogue, seems as full-blooded as a tea-clipper tale, is as exciting as a first-rate detective yarn, and as impossible to put down. Add to that a shrewdness of observation, a remarkable power of descriptive writing, a knowledge of the world, and a pointed wit, and it must be admitted that Miss Mitchell, for all her fireworks, is no meteorite but a very welcome new addition to the constellations and a portent as well. For she writes a warning to wanton novelists that the crudeness of their present methods may not attract us much longer and that a reaction from ugly reality to delicacy and wit is really on the way.

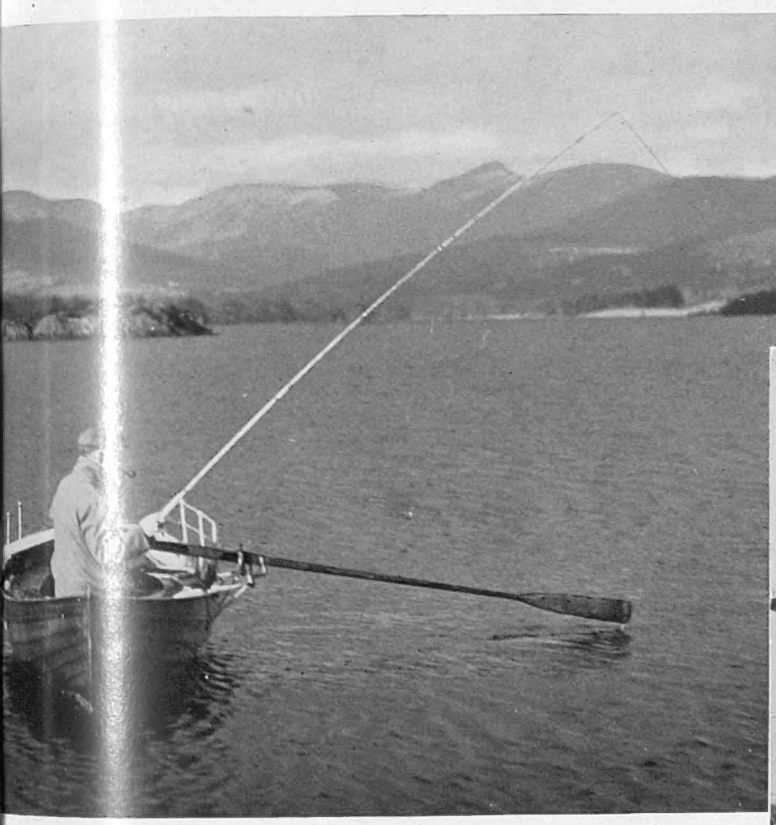
WAKENER'S WELLS THREATENED.—Very soon now the "open road" season will be on us, and along all the great highways leading from London to the Home Counties the newly licensed cars will speed away to the open spaces. Londoners will be "creeping out again to feel the sun" and to see the first unfoldings of green leaves. Scores of them will come to Hindhead and its great National Trust commons. Scores of those who come are (I happen to know from my correspondence) readers of THE SPHERE. They will, I believe, be glad to revive their interest in these National commons and to hear how matters stand. Let me tell them. The famous Wakener's Wells are threatened with building development. Eight vital acres on a hilltop overlooking the ponds must be acquired for the Nation's enjoyment or the peace and natural beauty of the place will be gone for ever. The local committee had to act without delay. It has negotiated to purchase these vital acres and has actually got promises for nearly half the purchase price. But £344 remains to be found. I believe that SPHERE readers, who are also frequenters of these commons or who value the work of the National Trust, will wish to help and will cash in their wishes with a small donation. They are invited to send it to Mr. Frank Harrison, Hindhead Commons Committee, Littledale, Hindhead, Surrey. However small the sum you can spare, send it, and show that you realize your responsibility as a landowner. I should like to know that you do indeed realize that the ownership of land carries responsibilities as well as privileges.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.—Did it strike you that the song of the birds on March 1 was more than ordinarily loud and joyous and harmonious

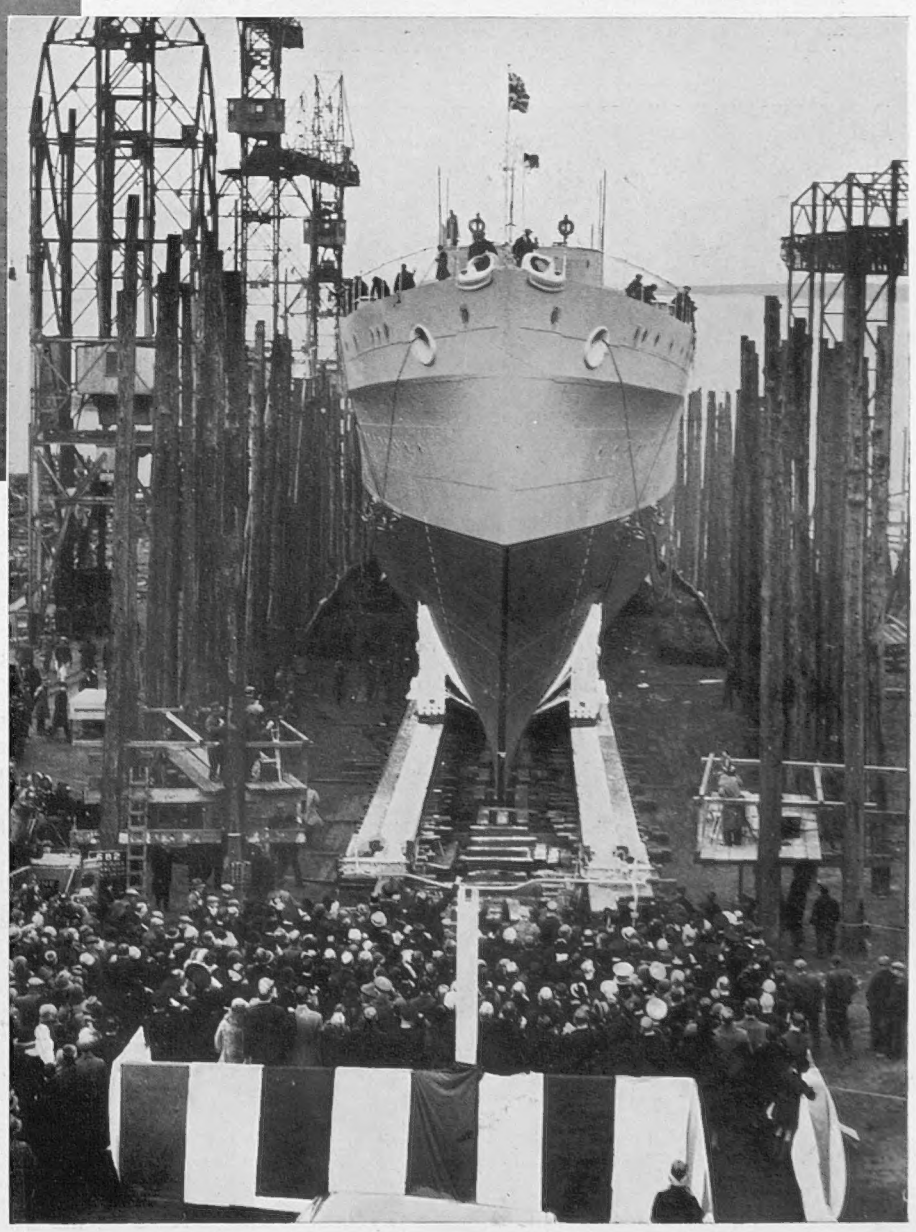
> "upon those boughs, which shake against the cold, bare, ruined choirs" . . .?

It struck me very forcibly as I lay abed, drinking my tea and revelling in the sounds. And when I got down I knew the reason why—for my paper told me that on that morning, "under the existing law the ordinary activities of the professional bird-catcher, who cages birds for sale, ended, and could not be resumed." *Hinc illae carmina. Gaudeamus igitur.* A blot on our civilization is removed and the Bastille stormed. The First of March was celebrated in Glasgow, and perhaps elsewhere, by a large scale liberation of captives—finches, linnets, larks, and buntings. God send (or restore) the little singers enough of their wild instinct to enable them after captivity to survive in the struggle to live. There is much sentiment squandered in the cage-bird controversy, and not on one side only. Facts are always hard as granite. Nature is often crueller than man—man often more thoughtlessly cruel than Nature. The song-birds have escaped their prisons. Man, born free as they, remains in fetters.

THE OLD STAGER



picture from Lake Windermere where the trout fishing season has just opened



A NEW CRUISER LAUNCHED AT BARROW: The *Ajax* passing down the slipway at the naval construction works of Vickers-Armstrong during the launching ceremony which was performed by Lady Chatfield, wife of Sir Ernle Chatfield, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty

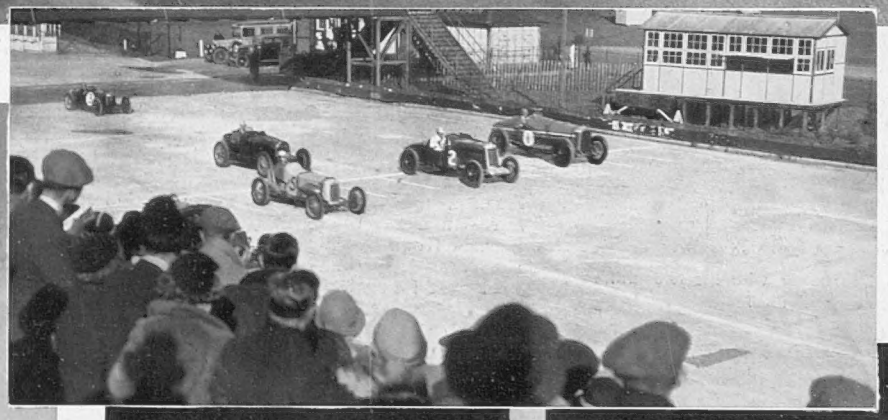
ALFRESCO ASSEMBLY: The *Scylla*, the largest air liner ever built for service on a regular route, being assembled in the open air at Rochester because there was no hangar there large enough to hold it. It has accommodation for about forty passengers, and is somewhat similar to the flying boats now operating between Brindisi and Alexandria. *Right*—A "TYRESOME" BUSINESS: Bringing the massive wheels into position during the assembly of the *Scylla*

THE NAVY'S SPRING CRUISE: Members of the crew of the battleship *Rodney* watching the destroyer leader, *Kempenfelt*, coming alongside somewhere in the Atlantic. and Mediterranean fleets will begin a five-day mimic battle in which aircraft will probably play a prominent part. Admiral Sir William Boyle, Commander of the Blue fleet of a convoy of 12-knot transports over 800 miles of sea and to attempt to evade the Red fleet of almost equal strength, but equipped with aircraft, under Admiral

CURRENT NEWS IN PICTURES

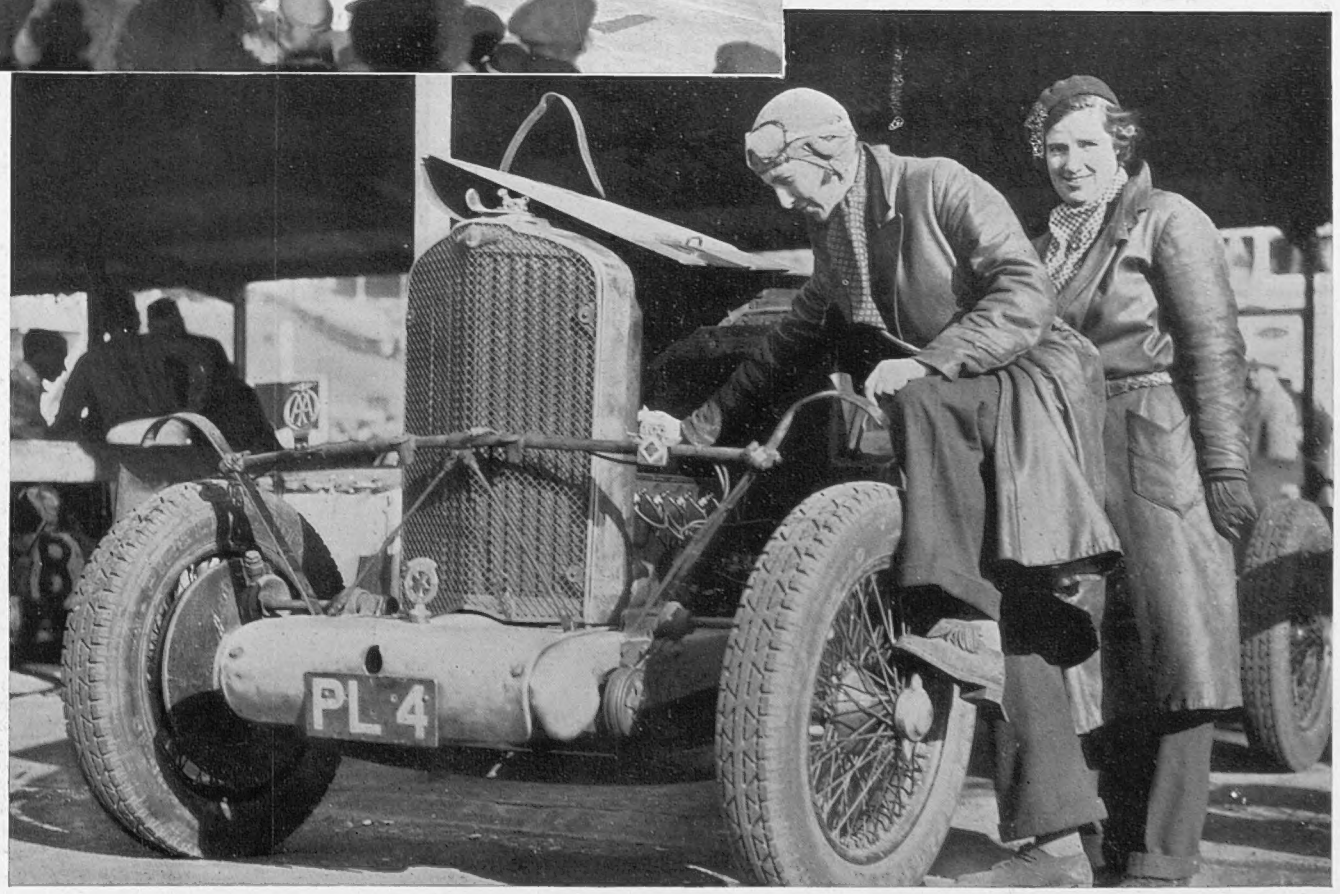
The New Tees Bridge—A Giant Air Liner Assembled in the Open—Women Display their Skill at Brooklands

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN ENGLAND: An aerial view of the new vertical lift bridge over the Tees at Newport, which the Duke of York opened last week. This great structure has cost approximately £512,000 and serves as a new link between the North Riding of Yorkshire and the county of Durham. The river is spanned by a 38-ft.-wide roadway 20 ft. above high-water level, but when shipping is passing the whole roadway is raised



On left—A SPRINT RACE AT BROOKLANDS: Competitors taking part in a half-mile scratch race won by O. Bertram in a Delage. Owing to repairs to the track last Saturday's meeting was for the most part confined to a series of sprint races

To-morrow, March 11, the Home has to ensure the safe passage Sir William Fisher



WOMEN COMPETE AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE SEASON AT BROOKLANDS: Miss P. McOstrich (left) who was second in her Talbot in the second Walton Half-mile Scratch Race. Another successful woman competitor was Mrs. K. Petre who won a half-mile scratch race at 71.15 m.p.h. in her two-litre supercharged Bugatti

AN INTERVIEW with CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS

A DRAMATIC DAY IN THE CHANCELLOR'S LIFE: Dr. Dollfuss photographed with his wife after he had broadcast a reassuring message to the people of Austria following the attempt to assassinate him last year

In which He Outlines His Plans for the Reform of the Austrian Constitution — How the People will Elect the Burgomasters, the Burgomasters will Elect the President, and the President will Appoint the Chancellor and Cabinet

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

"The solution of the Austrian problem is the keystone of permanent peace in Central Europe. For the moment, this question looms higher on the international horizon than even the Franco-German situation."

This statement was made to me by Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, world-famous as the "Pocket Dictator." While I was in Vienna, I gathered that he does not altogether enjoy this playful nickname. A number of the great men of history have been small — Napoleon, for instance—but no one in former days dubbed them "pocket" editions.

"Were Austria voluntarily to yield up its independence, I am convinced that sooner or later this would lead to a European war. Small as is Austria in area and in population, its peculiar geographical position is so important to certain Powers that its independence is essential to the stability of peace in Europe. Without wishing in any way to exaggerate its political importance, Austria, small as it is I repeat, is the keystone to the arch of peace in Central Europe. Strange as it may seem at first thought, because of its relative weakness, Austria is in fact maintaining a balance of power in this part of the world by virtue of being an independent State. Remove this keystone, or shift it this way or that way, and you will change the balance of power in Central Europe in a manner to bring about a crash."

Chancellor Dollfuss received me in his modest home in the Stallburggasse in Vienna, a narrow, old-fashioned street near the Habsburg Hofburg Palace. The Dollfuss family—Chancellor, Frau Dollfuss, and their two children (Eva five years old, and Rudi three years)—live over a milliner's shop, a lampshade shop, and a picture dealer. Their neighbours in the same block of flats include a tailor, a locksmith, and a hand-laundry. A couple of soldiers patrol the street, a plain-clothes detective stands at the street entrance, and another guards the flat front door. A simple maidservant answered the bell, and showed me into a cosy and very home-like sitting-room.

With a welcoming smile the boyish-looking Chancellor greeted me. He looked tired, but spoke and acted with energy and alertness. "Eva! Rudi!" he called the children from the next room where I had heard their laughter mingled with the shrill notes of a song bird. "Come and say good morning nicely," adding to me, "They always want to have a peep at visitors." Eva bobbed a little curtsey, and Rudi bent solemnly over my hand, then two jolly little children made a simultaneous dive for his lap. "Not now, I'm busy; go back and play," he said, obviously delighted. In a few minutes Eva came rushing back. "Telephone, papa; come to the telephone." Dollfuss told her he could not go. "I'm busy; do go away." "But it's mummy — you MUST come," she insisted, and up he jumped with "I'm coming."

Frau Dollfuss was telephoning from a hospital where she had been distributing food and comforts to the poor of the district. She came home a little later and joined us, and Eva and Rudi came too, sitting as still as little mice while their papa discussed the future of Austria. "Thank God, they don't know what it is all about," Frau Dollfuss remarked to me. "I'm thankful they are so little just at this terrible time."

EN FAMILLE: The Chancellor with his two children, Eva and Rudi

Frau Dollfuss is young, good-looking, and full of common sense. When her Chancellor-husband had disposed of the future of Austria, she and I had a long chat about more feminine subjects. While he was talking, she listened in open admiration.

Within Austria, and around Austria from without, a terrific struggle has been going on regarding the future of this little republic. The Fascist interests of Mussolini clash violently there with the Nazi ambitions of Adolf Hitler, while the interests of France and Czechoslovakia do not run parallel with those of either Mussolini or Hitler. It is not a secret that Mussolini would like to see an Austria patterned after Fascist Italy. Hitler, himself an Austrian Dictator of Germany, would like to install a German Nazi Chancellor of Austria in place of Dollfuss. In effect, that would be the Anschluss. And in this clash of ambitions and interests going on behind the curtain of severe Press censorship lies the danger to peace in Central Europe.

I asked Chancellor Dollfuss how he visualized the future of Austria.

"Neither the Fascism of Mussolini nor the Nazi system of Hitler constitutes my ideal of State or Government for Austria," he replied, lighting a cigarette.

"My ideal in the reform of the Austrian Constitution is more democratic than either. It emphasizes leadership. It lays more stress on a co-operative basis of all the people in expressing their will, and in influencing or sharing in the Government, than does the purely corporative system. I want to build up Austria from the ground up, which I believe is better and more stable than imposing a system from above."

The Chancellor took a box of cigarettes, and on the back of it drew a diagram to illustrate to me what he meant.

"It is a State and Government founded on a basis of guilds, trades, and professions in proper relation to one another numerically, and in the importance of each to the economic whole. In the constitution that I have in mind, something approximating a parliament will consist of a senate named by the Government, a chamber of states or provinces which we call Laenderkammer — and that will include the agricultural chamber — and an economic chamber which will includet he Kulturkammer, or chamber of culture.

"All guilds, trades, and professions and interests will be represented in these three chambers. Two of them will be elective. Each of the three chambers will nominate two candidates for the presidency by vote. That is, six candidates in all. The one candidate of these six who receives the largest number of votes cast by the 3,000 elected burgomasters in the country will be the elected President of Austria. In other words, the President will be elected by the burgomasters who, in their turn, have been elected by the people. The President will appoint the Chancellor and the Cabinet. That, I firmly believe, will make for stability in government and will make every Austrian voter feel that he will have a fair representation in his Government. The aim of this Government will be to assure the well-being and happiness of the greatest possible number of people. No Government will ever be able to satisfy all the people."

Dollfuss explained to me that all laws would first be submitted to the senate, and the two chambers concerned in the matter, for suggestions, amendments, and recommendations. When the bills are finally submitted, the senate and chambers will have the power to pass or reject, but not to change or amend them.

"I think you will agree that this ideal is far from the dictatorship ambition with which I am so often saddled."

Women in the new Austria will be equal partners with men.

"The family is the best unit of the State," the Chancellor declared. "While I do not like political, speechifying women, I do hope to see women taking their full share of national responsibility. I will encourage Austrian women to give their country the benefit of their culture, talents, and abilities. I certainly do not believe in pushing them back. The time is past in any modern State populated by educated people when women can be considered as spiritually or intellectually inferior to men."

FRAU DOLLFUSS with Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna

A EUROPEAN SURVEY

KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE leaving St. Peter's Square after being received in audience by the Pope during their Convention in Rome. This ancient order was founded by St. Helena when she visited Jerusalem at the age of eighty and found (as it is said) in a cavern under the Temple of Venus the cross upon which Christ was crucified. St. Helena was the mother of Constantine the Great

WELCOMED BY SOVIET RUSSIA: Popoff, Dimitroff, and Taneff (reading from left), the three ex-Bulgarians who were acquitted at the Reichstag fire trial, and who were expelled from Germany last week. They have now been made Soviet citizens, and this picture was taken in their hotel after their arrival by 'plane in Moscow, where they were welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd

A POPULAR PERSONALITY IN SPANISH POLITICS: Señor Julian Besteiro, a leading Socialist who advocates moderation. He is a Professor at Madrid University

PRESIDENT AND CHANCELLOR: Field-Marshal von Hindenburg taking leave of Herr Adolf Hitler in Unter den Linden, after they had both attended the ceremony in the State Opera House commemorating the heroes of the Great War. General von Blomberg, the Defence Minister, delivered a stirring address in which he emphatically denied Germany's war guilt

THE TSAR'S GOLDEN EGGS: These two illustrations show one of the Easter eggs, designed by the distinguished Russian Court jeweller, Carl Fabergé, and which is to be offered for sale at Christie's on March 15 together with other objets d'art made in his workshops. The firm of Fabergé was established in St. Petersburg in 1842, and from the time that Carl Fabergé took over control it enjoyed the patronage of nearly every Royal house in Europe. These eggs, which were made for the Tsars, Alexander III and Nicholas II, are remarkable examples of the goldsmith's art. Alexander III gave Fabergé a standing order for an egg every Easter, which he presented to his wife. This particular example, when opened, discloses a golden yolk and the delicately modelled figure of a hen. It is enamelled egg-shell white on the outside

ART NEWS

And other Matters of Current Interest

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF THE 1st OF JUNE DEPICTED BY ROBERT DODD: This picture, showing the final phase of the engagement in which Lord Howe gained a decisive victory over the French fleet of Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse in 1794, is now on exhibition at the gallery of Thos. H. Parker, Ltd., historical picture dealers of Berkeley Square. For many years it has lain almost unnoticed in a Commercial Road public-house where it was painted, but it is now to be anonymously presented to the nation

A Notable Naval Picture

Robert Dodd's painting of the "Battle of the 1st of June," which is to be anonymously presented to the nation, has an interesting history. It seems that the artist resided in a small cottage in Lucas Place in the East End of London and, because of lack of space in his home, painted this great battle picture in the local public-house. This was in 1795. When the place was rebuilt in 1832 the picture, having apparently been forgotten by Dodd's family, was built into the dining-room wall to form part of the decorative scheme. For over forty-two years the firm of Thomas H. Parker, Ltd., tried to obtain the work and even went to the length of offering to purchase the hostelry, as it was obvious that the picture, owing to its size, could not be removed unless a portion of the building were taken down.

It was not until 1932, however, when Messrs. Taylor, Walker, Ltd., purchased the house, that the picture was eventually secured. It is a remarkable work, measuring 12 ft. by 7 ft. 9 in., and is of particular importance on account of its historical accuracy. The battle of the 1st of June 1794 was the crowning triumph in the life of Lord Howe, the veteran British Admiral who succeeded in capturing six and sinking one French battleship under Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse. The fact that he failed to stop a convoy of merchant vessels from reaching France, which was the chief object of the engagement, was presumably forgotten in the general rejoicings. The most interesting point of all in connection with the battle was that Lord Howe, although at the time a man of nearly seventy, employed tactics which were a bold departure from those then in vogue. Even the most remarkable men are apt to become fixed in their ideas towards the close of their lives. Earl Howe was a notable exception to this, and it is little wonder that England showered him with honours after his victory.

THE GREAT FRENCH FINANCIAL SCANDAL: Mme Stavisky, wife of the dead financier, being taken to prison after her arrest on March 2 on charges of fraud. Further information regarding M. Stavisky's activities has come to light as a result of the discovery of the counterfoils of about 1,000 cheques drawn by him and which are said to reveal the identity of some of his accomplices

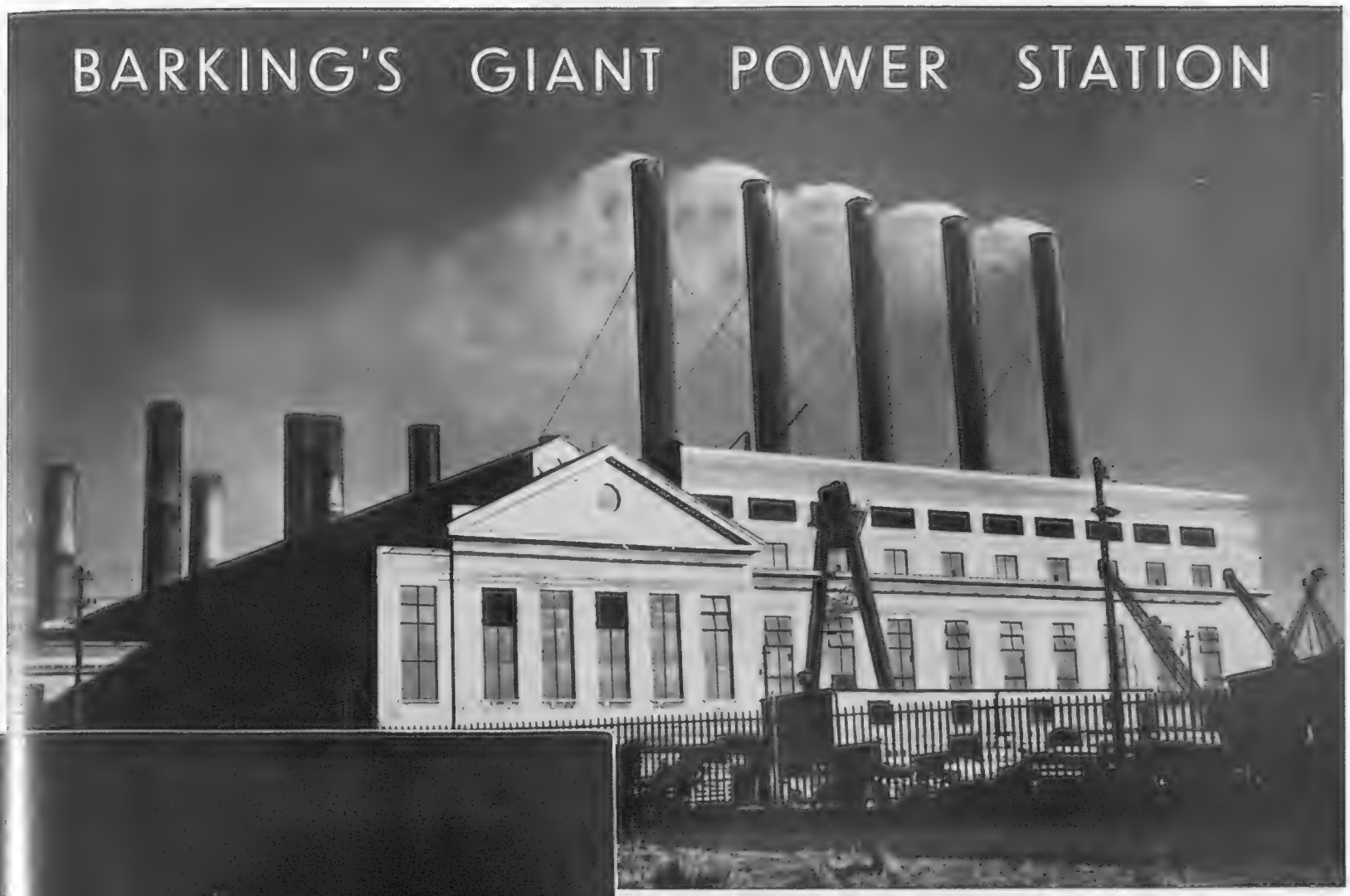
PRINCE AND PRINCESS YOUSSOUPOFF who were the principal figures in the libel action brought by the Princess against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., in connection with the film, *Rasputin*. Judgment was entered for the plaintiff for £25,000 with costs

Havoc in Bihar

The full extent of the damage done in the great earthquake in Northern India is only now beginning to be realized in this country. Years of labour and immense sums of money will be necessary to restore the stricken towns of Bihar, while the damage done to cultivated land has in some places been deemed irreparable. On p. 345 of this issue pictures will be found which illustrate how eruptions of sand have ruined the rice fields. The following observations in *The Times*, which have appeared since those pictures were sent to press, are therefore particularly illuminating: "The 'garden of India' is to-day lying derelict. The flat, alluvial land that has attracted the peasant cultivators to the district in increasing numbers is now swamped with sand. An alarming possibility is that the fertility of the soil may be permanently impaired by the great quantities of coarse material which the earthquake brought to the surface. In some districts years may elapse before full productivity can be restored.

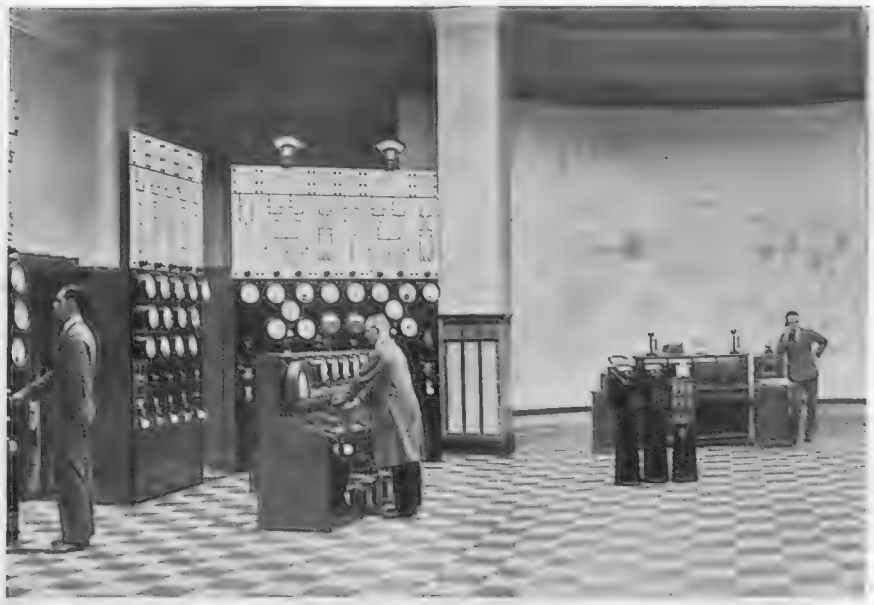
"The fissures appear generally to traverse the fields in belts, and individual cracks persist over surprising distances of half a mile or so. Along them, and also separately, are clusters of crater-like objects, from which subterranean matter, mainly yellow and grey sand, was profusely spouted. The general impression from the air is that thousands of square miles of the Indo-Gangetic plain have been treated like a sediment of moist sand which was allowed to settle in a shallow rubber basin and then violently compressed at the sides."

BARKING'S GIANT POWER STATION



THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN BRITAIN: An exterior view of the London Electric Supply Co.'s Barking Power Station, the capacity of which has been increased from 240,000 to 390,000 kilowatts. The new section, the chimneys of which can be seen on the left, contains two 75,000 kilowatt sets. These are the biggest British-made machines at present in service

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREAT POWER STATION, giving an excellent idea of its immense length



THE CONTROL ROOM where the great indicator boards reveal to the engineers exactly what is happening in the various areas drawing their supplies from Barking. *On left*—TWO OF THE LOFTY BRICK CHIMNEYS towering above the new section of the power station. They are approximately 250 ft. in height and taper from 30 ft. at the base to 23 ft. at the top, which can be reached by the metal rungs shown in the picture

GENERAL WANG SHIH-CHEN, who is in command of the Manchukuoan troops stationed at Newchwang

THE BRITISH DESTROYER "WHITSHED" AT NEWCHWANG: On the right a junk is being loaded with bags of flour for shipment up the Liao River into the interior of Manchukuo

NEWCHWANG: The Vicissitudes of a Once Famous Treaty Port

Until August 1932, when Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran were captured by bandits, Newchwang was practically unknown to the outside world. Then last March came the kidnapping of the four officers from the S.S. *Nanchang*, and Newchwang was duly inserted on the map of every newsreader. But strictly speaking the name of the Manchurian port is not Newchwang but Yingkow, and it is under its rightful name that it is looking forward to a future of peace and prosperity.

By the Treaty of Tientsin of 1858, which ended the war between China and the allied British and French forces, China agreed to open Newchwang to foreign trade and residence. Manchuria was at that time an almost unknown land to the Western world, while the Chinese Government, which always despised "trade," was hardly any better informed. For the town of Newchwang had ceased nearly a hundred years before to be the port of Manchuria. The trade between the great Manchurian plain and the coast was carried on the waters of the Liao River and its tributaries, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the port was at Newchwang—Ox-town, a riverine town about forty miles as the crow flies from the sea coast, but ninety miles by water up the winding Liao. The river gradually silted up, junks grew larger, and about 1790 Newchwang was superseded as the port of Manchuria by Tienchuangtai, a town many miles nearer the coast. Manchuria's sea-borne trade continued to grow, and in 1835 Tienchuangtai was deserted by the sea-going junks in favour of Yingkow, then a little village only ten miles from the mouth of the Liao River, and below the worst mud-banks and shoals of its winding course.

In May, 1861, H.M.S. *Sphinx* sailed up the Liao River with Mr. T. T. Meadows, who had been appointed first British Consul at Newchwang, on board. Unable to proceed farther up the river, she anchored off Yingkow, where were waiting the Chinese commissioners for the new "treaty port," who had travelled overland from Peking. All parties must soon have seen that any place farther up the river would be useless as a seaport and that the Treaty must have meant Yingkow. So on June 24, 1861, Yingkow was officially declared open to foreign trade and residence under the name of Newchwang.

Yingkow, or Newchwang, as it was now called, cannot have been at all a prepossessing place of residence. The town was just a long row of low huts and houses stretching for about four miles along the left bank of the Liao River. There was no cultivation, no trees, no hills or even mounds; all around stretched mudbanks and reed marshes and barren salt plains.

Newchwang has had many vicissitudes. During the Sino-Japanese War of 1895, the town was occupied without fighting by a Japanese force of 12,000 men; the Chinese garrison fled northwards across the frozen river. The Japanese caught them up at Tienchuangtai, the old port, and a battle ensued in which 1,400 Chinese are said to have lost their lives, while the Japanese casualties were only ten killed and forty wounded. On November 30, 1895, peace having been declared, the Japanese evacuated Newchwang.

In 1900, when the Boxer Rising broke out in China, the Russians occupied Newchwang and established a military administration which lasted for nearly four years.

The Russo-Japanese War broke out on February 10, 1904, and five months later Newchwang was occupied without fighting. Port Arthur fell to the Japanese on New Year's Day, 1905, and the war was practically over, but it was not until December 6, 1906, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace at Portsmouth, U.S.A., that the Japanese garrison was withdrawn and the administration handed over to the Chinese.

The climate of Newchwang is one of extremes. In the short hot summer the mercury rises to nearly 100 deg. F., while in winter it falls to 10 deg. below zero. For three months of the year the Liao River is frozen over, while navigation is suspended for nearly four months.

The town still consists of one long main street parallel to the river, but the street is now macadamized and a fleet of motor-buses runs from end to end. The side streets, however, are still dust and mud, ruts and holes, along which carts and rickshaws and an occasional motor car with difficulty proceed. Soon, say the city's officials, they will be repaired, but Rome was not built in a day and the new State has so many calls on its revenue. What a contrast is the Japanese Concession at the far end of the city; the streets well planned, metalled, and tidy, with trees on each side; hundreds of tiny little villas; gaily dressed geishas tripping along on wooden clogs.

The European houses are clustered together in the middle of the city; huge, sprawling, red-brick houses, rows of "suburban" villas. A dozen years ago Manchurian trade boomed and the white population numbered nearly 200; now the foreign trade all passes through Dairen and Yingkow has become a mere coast port; the European population can be counted on one's fingers. But the Asiatic merchants are certain that the port has a future before it, though as a coastal port in the prosperity of which the white man will have no part. Intensive building and port development show that the Manchus and Japanese are willing to back their opinions. Newchwang, the port of European trade, is moribund; Yingkow, the port of Far Eastern trade, is growing in strength.

A SCENE OF FORMER GAIETIES: The club-house at Newchwang, with a capacity for entertaining some 200 members is no longer in its hey-day

Below—THE DAILY SERVICE: Buddhist monks entering the temple at Newchwang

ONE OF THE GATES IN THE WALL AT NEWCHWANG: Note the searchlight and the broad defensive ditch

From the Near and Far East

MILITARY CEREMONIAL IN MADRAS: The Right Hon. Sir George Frederick Stanley, P.C., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., Governor of Madras, presenting the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Punjab Regiment with new colours on the Guidny polo ground. Sir Frederick, who has been Governor of the Presidency since 1929, is a son of the 16th Earl of Derby. He was M.P. for Preston from 1910–1922, and for Willesden East from 1924–1929, and during the latter period was Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Pensions

MANCHUKUO'S GROWING CAPITAL: Laying out a new square in Hsinking, the city where Mr. Pu Yi was crowned first Emperor of Manchukuo at the beginning of this month. If was formerly known as Changchun and was laid out by Russian engineers in 1898 as a commercial and railway centre. To-day it is undergoing extraordinary development, and every vacant space has been pre-empted for public buildings, hotels, department stores, and shops

SELECTING PLAYERS FOR ONE OF TOKYO'S NEW THEATRES: Miss Funiko Yoshino, daughter of a distinguished Japanese scholar, undergoing a test at the Takarazuka Theatre. Thirty promising actors and actresses were selected from 1,500 candidates

DELEGATES TO THE POSTAL CONGRESS AT ALEXANDRIA VISITING THE MUSEUM OF GRÆCO-ROMAN ANTIQUITIES: The museum contains an important collection of objects relating to the history of Alexandria, most of which were discovered in the catacombs on the outskirts of the city

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BEDLAM ON THE BOURSE

An Outlet for the Gallic Temperament—Paris Prefers Hectic Bargaining on the Floor of the Exchange to Dealing by Telephone

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

These are exciting times on the Paris Bourse—not so rough and raw, perhaps, as on two former occasions, 1924 and 1926, yet quite noisy and hectic enough. In those bygone years, when M. Poincaré was fighting "the battle of the franc," passion rose fever-high on all sides in France; not only on the floor of the Paris Money Market. The struggle then was to save the national currency from crashing and landing the country in bankruptcy. Actually, the first *bataille du franc*, fought and won just a decade ago, was a fairly easy struggle. The French Premier made up his mind that the wicked bears should take a severe walloping. But he also discovered, to his chagrin, that very few Frenchmen appeared to be sufficiently versed in the intricacies of foreign exchange, particularly in the then relatively new Anglo-Saxon procedure of selling forward. The Anglo-Saxons were pointed out as the enemies, though in the upshot it was some Central European and Balkan cliques that took the worst knock, whilst a host of French were themselves shown as capable of curious behaviour in regard to their own currency.

However, that battle, and the next—much harder and sterner—were won by the little Lorrainer's linking of three forces into a striking unit: himself, with his political power and prestige, the immense resources of the Banque de France, and the surprise wizardry of an unknown bank official dug out of an office in a Paris organization, one Carriguel by name. And it is now this same Carriguel who is the big noise in that noisiest of international resorts—the Bourse. France is not now defending her currency step by step from the abyss. She is engaged in maintaining the gold standard, as the leading country still on the yellow metal. Nor is the bogey any longer now the freely cursed *livre sterling* of past years, but rather President Roosevelt's heavily depreciated dollar. Here, in Paris, the "storm centre of foreign exchange," the issue of gold or paper may be largely decided.

The antics of the dollar are making Paris an ever bigger market for U.S. money. If London retains the larger share of dollars, all over Europe the various money markets want to know the fluctuations of American currency in terms of the chief remaining gold standard: the franc. Nor has Mr. Roosevelt's recent temporary stabilization made much difference, for the reason that the French official attitude is hardly to envisage what has happened as stabilization at all. The tussle goes on with a will.

The leading characteristic of the Paris Bourse is that it survives as the largest so-called "official" market, a type now almost defunct elsewhere, where dealers and brokers meet face to face to buy and sell cabled transfers. The over-the-telephone market of London and New York, with the banks maintaining contact with brokers who incessantly quote prices and so bring buyers and sellers together, is frowned upon in orthodox French money circles. There may be undoubted advantages in the telephone system. For example, a dealer can cogitate in calm at his end of the line, and pick out the people with whom he wishes to buy or sell forward, without giving offence by ignoring some of them. Brokers will keep certain institutions apart from such and such a dealer and no harm is done. It is even possible for London to limit Continental speculation by making known the names of institutions that are thought to hide foreign cliques. In fact, it is evident that the telephone and cable not only keep markets together, but make for cool running and efficiency. Paris, however, thinks otherwise. Paris calls all this telephoning "unofficial," and prefers to substitute the deuce of a row face to face—dealers and brokers and the rest confronting each other very much in the flesh. Orthodox financial Paris prefers open dealing openly arrived at (it is a fact that whenever the French have become excited over foreign treatment of the franc they have pointed at the quick and silent telephone market as the culprit).

And yet, oddly enough, there *is* an unofficial telephone market at the Paris Bourse, very much so. You will see it in operation from about 9 a.m. onwards until noon. Much the same as in London or New York: about two score of the larger French and foreign banks and private firms remaining permanently linked over the telephone. At the hub of this company is none other than the Bank of France itself. On the stroke of noon this unofficial market closes down; everybody goes out to lunch at the special high-speed restaurants in the vicinity; and nothing more happens in the French Money Market until half-past one o'clock. It is then that the special pride and relic of Paris, the official market, begins to operate—precisely for one hour throughout the whole day.

Into the Salle de Change, a stifling, rectangular chamber, stroll brokers and foreign exchange heads. The public is barred and everyone is scrutinized at the entrance. At one end are telephone boxes that boast a most exceptional service for the country, judging by the speed with which men dive in and out. The centre of the Salle is filled by a railed-in enclosure and here sits a solitary *coteur* at a desk, and round him a hundred or more excited gentlemen striking their bargains. It is up to the poor *coteur* to collect as many of these deals as he can for quotation on a board; and how anything works at all, when the hubbub is really at its highest pitch, surpasses the layman's understanding. The opening prices perhaps produce maximum in noise in view of the uncertainty that has been produced by the long midday silence of the Bourse and its "unofficial" behaviour, only, throughout the morning. It is all rather like a lunatic asylum. Then things seem to die down, but directly the *coteur* rings his closing bell, at 2.30 p.m. sharp, the excitement of closing prices mounts and the din is beyond amateur analysing. For most of one solid hour each day Paris stages this form of official Bourse Bedlam of bargaining in money rates.

THE LATEST RATES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE shown on the indicator-board of the Paris Bourse

THE FLOOR: Speculators at fever heat on the Paris Bourse

One aspect of this official market which adds greatly to the noise is the system of fixed bids and offers. Anybody who desires to buy or sell at a fixed rate a certain amount of such and such a currency just calls out about it—for the *coteur* to take note. A particular board is kept for fixed dealing of this character, and there is frequently a row, conducted by the *coteur*, if the latter finds that the current quotation has moved past a given bid or offer. The idea is to do business first within the limit of the bid or offer that has been communicated to him through the shouting.

Nearly every day the figure of M. Carriguel hovers in the background on behalf of the Bank of France. An enigmatic character, this all-important discovery of M. Poincaré is the head of his bank's far-famed and feared "secret service," his job now being the defence of the gold standard, round which, each day for an hour, this astonishing official din endures. But the French like it; like the noise and the temperature and the almost physical clashing, not to mention the unexampled opportunity provided for gesticulation and argument. This typically Gallic scene goes on day after day, the last of its kind the world over. The fact that so many countries are scrapping bourses makes "one-thirty to two-thirty," in Paris, stand out all the odder. Nor, I should add, are things closed down at the latter hour. A second period of unofficial, over-the-telephone work begins again later. London and New York come in heavily on this evening session, and it often happens that Paris prices, as fixed during the great after-lunch hubbub, are upset.

A considerable section of the *Temple à Colonnes* wants devaluation, holding that this will improve share business. So do Commerce, Shopkeepers, and Industry, and that immense category employing 700,000 under Tourism. But against this the peasants (51 per cent. of the population), who are getting good gold for their produce and have it well stored away (not in banks), and the far-flung *rentier* class which threatens to become highly objectionable to the Government (which is relying on it in connection with the raising of heavy loans this year for debt repayment)—these powerful two are at present being listened to by Finance Minister Germain-Martin, who swears he'll keep on gold. Can he? Possibly, until the autumn. Unless, in the meantime, some "revaluation" scheme be slipped through which is not officially depreciation. France's curse is that she has no strong Government even in sight under which an orderly operation, such as occurred in England, with no rush of rising internal prices, could be carried out. But how complicated it all is! One reads, for example, that a friendly nation, Czechoslovakia, has just devalued its currency by 16 per cent. without having recourse to inflation and without weakening its position on the gold standard.

STRANGE FEATURES of the INDIAN EARTHQUAKE

Scenes in the Devastated Areas of Northern Bihar—Sand Eruptions in the Rice Fields

HOW CORRUGATED IRON BEHAVED: A ruined factory in Bihar, the district which suffered most during the recent violent earthquake. This corrugated iron wall descended like a shutter

BUILDINGS WHICH COLLAPSED INTO A FISSURE IN THE GROUND: A typical street scene in one of the devastated cities. At Patna over 4,000 dwellings were either destroyed or seriously damaged

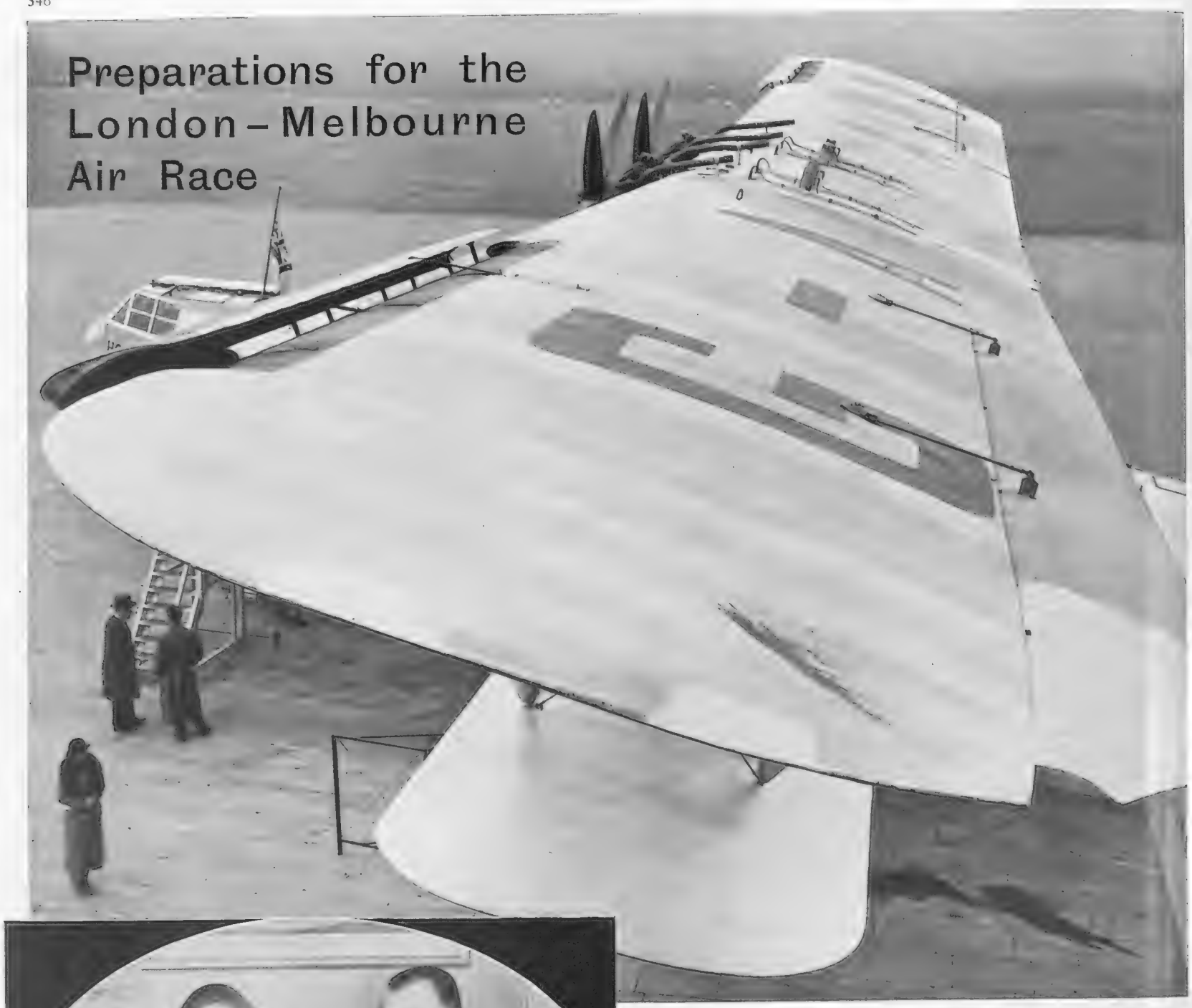
A CHAIN OF SAND CRATERS IN WHAT WAS ONCE A RICE FIELD: The strangest feature of the great earthquake was the jets of sand and water which spouted from the ground. The force behind these eruptions must have been terrific, for in some places the sand came through the foundations of houses and broke up concrete and cement floors

A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE SAND CRATERS which have ruined hundreds of gardens and thousands of acres of rice fields in Bihar

TAKING A DIFFERENT KIND OF "SILK": The ruins of the house of an Indian "pleader" (barrister) who had all his clothes buried in the debris, and who was in consequence allowed to appear in court in the dressing-gown in which he made his escape from the falling building. Suitable clothes were unobtainable locally

(All the pictures on this page have been sent us by a "Sphere" reader at Ambala, Punjab, who visited Bihar a few weeks ago)

Preparations for the London–Melbourne Air Race



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER, "HORATIUS," showing the immense wing area of the modern passenger 'plane

WITH HALF THE WORLD AS A RACE COURSE: Mr. A. O. Edwards (right), Managing Director of Grosvenor House, who has ordered a long range De Havilland 'plane in which Mr. C. W. A. Scott (left) and Captain T. Campbell Black will compete in the forthcoming London-Melbourne air race

The 100th anniversary of the founding of the City of Melbourne is to be celebrated this year, and to mark the occasion a great International Air Race is to be held from England to Melbourne starting from London on October 20. A trophy called the MacRobertson Trophy has been presented by Sir MacPherson Robertson and, in addition to the trophy itself, cash prizes amounting to £15,000.

The race is open to any organization or nation, and there is no limit to the type or power of the competing machines, but in order to qualify the course must be completed within sixteen days. In order to widen the interest of the contest it has been divided into a handicap race and a purely speed race, and these will be flown together. Five control points have been decided upon along the route, and competitors in the speed race must land at these, but otherwise may follow any course they please. The handicap section of the race has a first prize of £2,000 and a second prize of £1,000. Handicaps will be based on efficiency, commercial utility, and speed. Competitors in this section must land at the five control points, and may also land at authorized checking points placed at intervals of about 500 miles along the course.

The conditions of the race having been announced a year in advance there is plenty of time for enterprising manufacturers to design and build special machines for the contest which will provide a heaven-sent chance for the British aircraft industry to win back some of the prestige which it has undoubtedly lost abroad through the capture, one after the other, by other countries of the world's records for speed, long distance, and height which it had held for so long.

There is not the slightest doubt that we could win back all these records if the money to build the machines were available. But records in themselves do not carry with them direct cash prizes, though they undoubtedly do bring considerable financial reward to the industry as a whole by impressing on the world at large the superiority of the British product. The London–Melbourne race does, however, carry with it a very handsome immediate cash prize, and the world prestige of winning such an outstanding contest would be as great as the winning of world's records.

At the beginning of this year no British aeroplane was available with any chance of winning the race. Germany, Holland, and America had machines of far higher speeds than any in use here. Commercial craft are in use or under development in all these countries with cruising speeds approaching and even exceeding 200 m.p.h. In fact, in December American aeronautical papers were boasting that the race would be a walk-over for America and that British machines had no chance. Now at least two British manufacturers, one of whom has guaranteed a speed of at least 200 m.p.h., are building special machines for the race and there should be at least half-a-dozen British entries.

While these may not have the high cruising speeds of some of the American machines, they will be built to those standards of air-worthiness for which British machines are famous and will be well fitted to meet the varying conditions of the most arduous air race ever organized.

It may be taken for granted that, to have a fair chance of winning the race, machines must be able to cruise at not less than 200 m.p.h. It is possible that specially designed machines capable of cruising at as much as 250 m.p.h. will face the starter. But the race is not always to the swift and, since night flying and refuelling in the air are permitted under the rules, slower machines which can keep in the air day and night and which need only land at the compulsory control points, Baghdad, Calcutta, Singapore, Darwin, and Charleville, may well have the advantage of the fastest machines.

The British aircraft industry has been faced with the problem of producing completely new designs able to hold their own against foreign competitors. Other countries already have experience of fast civil machines with speeds far higher than any built here; they therefore have a basis of actual results to work on. Our constructors have had to branch out completely anew, and there is no question of adapting existing designs.

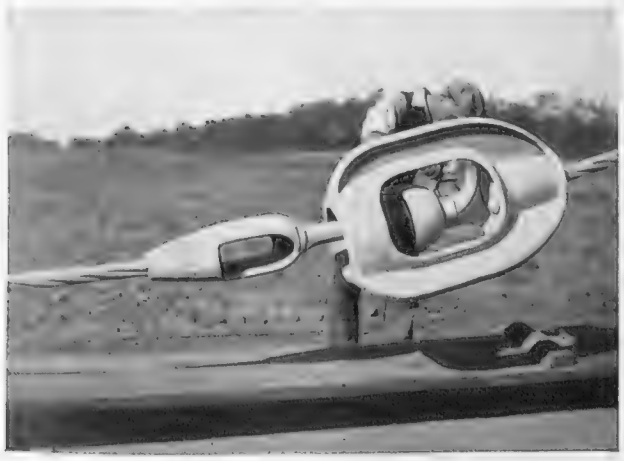
That it is within the capacity of the British aircraft industry to produce a machine capable of winning the race no one can doubt in view of its past achievements. That it should not have made a tremendous effort to win the greatest international flying contest ever organized, with the added inducement of Sir MacPherson Robertson's magnificent prize, was unthinkable.

C. D. Palmer

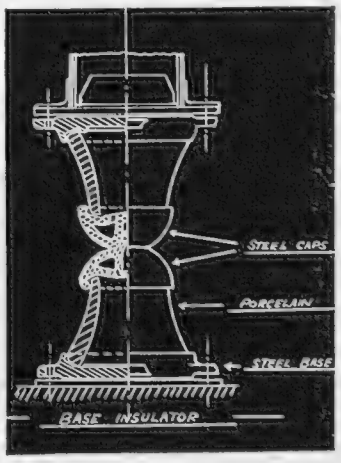
THE HIGHEST TOWER IN THE WORLD

The Gigantic Vertical Radiator of the Budapest Broadcasting Station

THE BASE INSULATOR OF THE 1,030-FT. TOWER WHICH HAS TO WITHSTAND A TOTAL DOWNWARD LOAD OF 480 TONS: This structure was put up last year, and is not only the highest but one of the most unusual towers in the world. It is supported by eight guy-ropes which radiate from a point about 500 ft. above the ground and rests on a base of chrome-nickel steel castings. In the centre of this picture can be seen the two steel caps with spigot and socket which form a rocker joint and absorb any shocks occasioned by the movement of the structure itself. The curved steel tube shown on the right is a lightning conductor

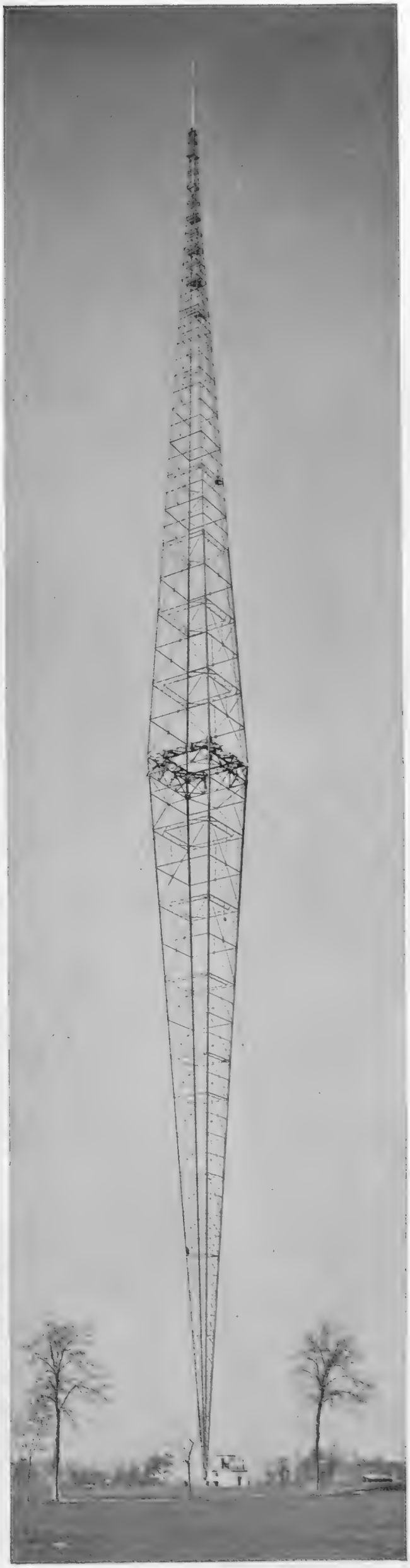


GIANT INSULATORS: There are five of these on each of the eight guy ropes, two being at the point of connection with the structure, and the remaining three being at intervals between the tower and the guy foundations. Each insulator is 5 ft. long



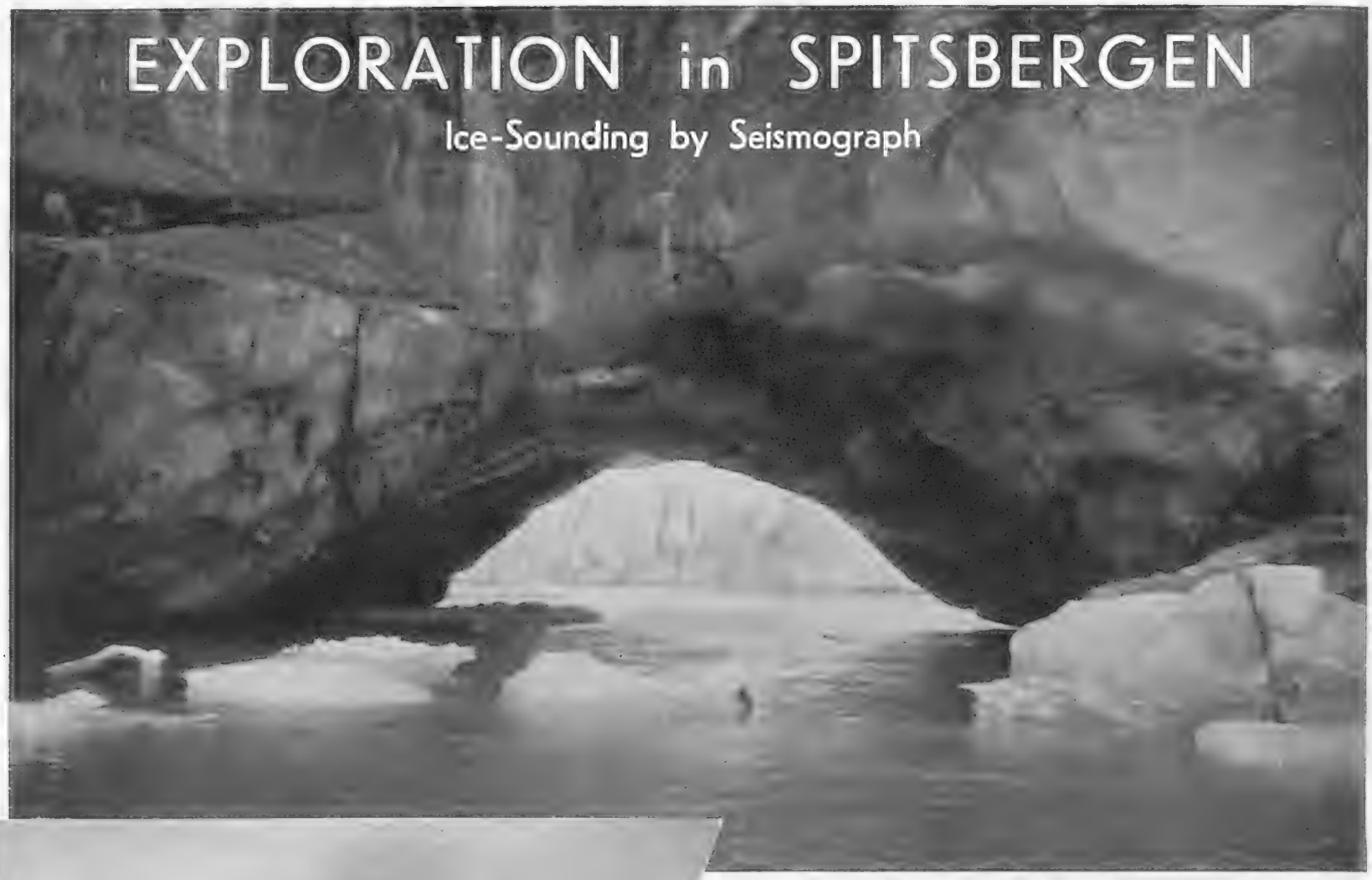
HOW THE BASE OF THE TOWER IS CONSTRUCTED: A diagram illustrating the arrangement of the rocker joint between the two steel caps

Right—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT TOWER: The width at the base, where the steelwork connects with the insulator, is 3 ft., and at the centre it is 49 ft. The girders end at a height of 932 ft. and the structure is surmounted by a tubular steel pole 98 ft. high and weighing approximately two tons. This pole can be adjusted at varying heights in order to suit the requirements of any wavelength on which the station may be working. By this means the problem of "fading" is very largely overcome



EXPLORATION in SPITSBERGEN

Ice-Sounding by Seismograph



ON THE MITTAG LEFFLER GLACIER: The entrance to an ice cave 80 to 100 yards in length

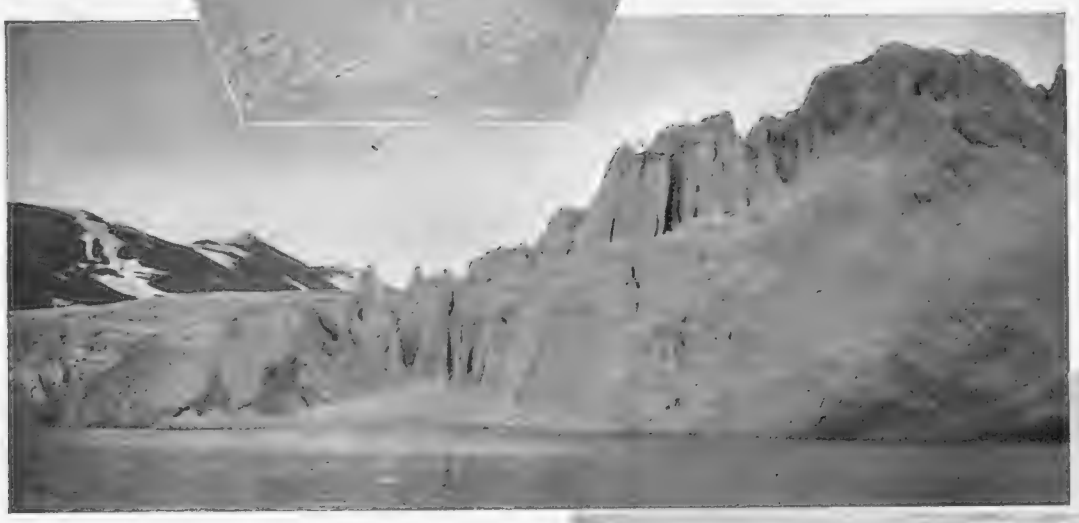
On left—A DYNAMITE CHARGE BEING EXPLODED IN THE SNOW during the taking of a sounding by seismograph in Spitsbergen

Some of the results of this expedition were detailed by its leader, Mr. A. R. Glen, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society a few days ago. The total personnel of the expedition was eighteen, and the men were divided into two sledge parties—a coastal survey party and a base party. The main work of the expedition lay in the New Friesland ice cap in the North-East of the main island of West Spitsbergen. In 1913 a rapid journey along its western side had been made by Captain Staxrud on his gallant attempt to rescue the survivors of the ill-fated Schroeder Stranz Expedition. Apart from this one journey, the country was entirely unknown, and it was the task of one of the sledge parties to explore and survey the interior, while the coastal party was to map the western coastal belt. In ten weeks' hard sledging, including a 100-mile return journey to the base at Klaas Bellen Bay in the Ice Fjord, this area was surveyed and valuable geological discoveries were made. The coastal party succeeded in carrying a triangulation from the North down the coast of the Wijde Bay and across the Mittag Leffler Glacier to join up with the Norwegian trig. points at the head of the Ice Fjord, in addition to taking soundings in the Wijde Bay. The northern part of New Friesland was also surveyed.

This northern area was found to consist of an ice cap rising to some 3,300 ft., with an ice-free western coastal belt some five miles wide. In this ice-free strip there is one remarkable locality cut up by eight or nine lakes of varying sizes. The largest of these, Five Mile Lake, stretches from the face of a small glacier flowing down from the inland ice to Wijde Bay, which it enters through a deep canyon. It was near here that a tin chocolate box belonging to General Nobile's expedition was found; but although a careful look-out was kept down the whole coast, there were no further traces of that unfortunate expedition.

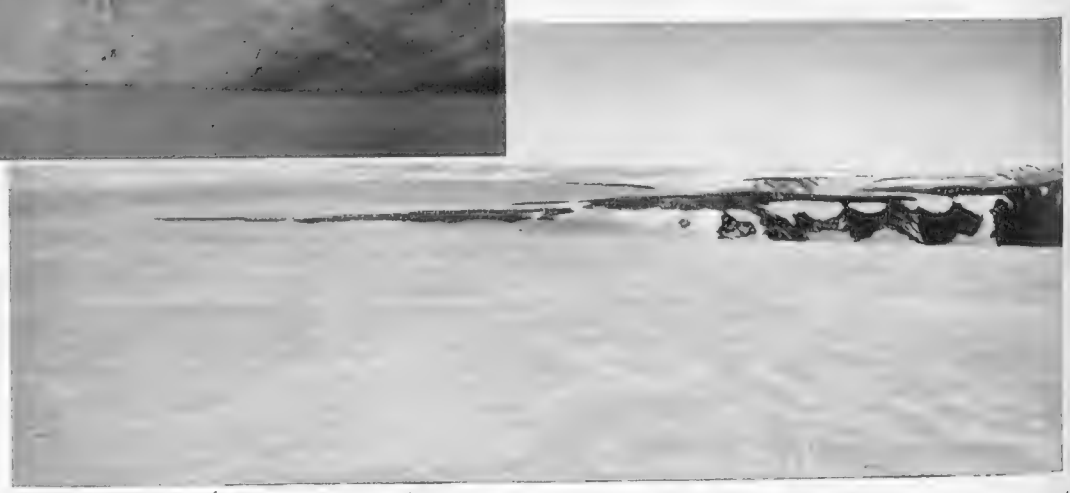
The second sledge party was equipped with a new design of seismograph with which it was hoped that

(Continued on p. 368)



THE FACE OF THE NORDENSKIELD GLACIER, in the Klaas Bellen Bay region of Spitsbergen, photographed just as it was throwing off a large mass of ice. One of the ornithologists accompanying the Oxford University Arctic Expedition had a narrow escape from serious injury when a weighty block of ice fell on him from a height of nearly 100 ft.

Readers of THE SPHERE will recollect that in a recent issue the new method of ice-sounding by seismograph was demonstrated in a special diagram. It was shown that it was possible to ascertain the depth of a glacier or ice-cap by means of recording the reflected vibrations from a dynamite charge exploded at some little distance from the seismograph. This method was practised in Greenland, and last year was used in Spitsbergen by the Oxford University Arctic Expedition.



THE VALHAL NEVÉ DOME OF THE NEW FRIESLAND ICE CAP which was crossed and explored for the first time by the Oxford University Arctic Expedition last year. The expedition, which was led by Mr. A. R. Glen, spent eleven weeks in Spitsbergen

IN CANADA'S ROADLESS NORTH

AN AERIAL VIEW OF FORT SMITH—THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DISTRICT AGENT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES: This little settlement is situated on the Slave River just north of the Alberta border and midway between Lake Athabasca and the Great Slave Lake. It has about fifty inhabitants, a wireless station, a mounted-police station, and an air port. Now that aeroplanes make communication an easier matter, it is likely to develop rapidly. *Left*—A trader preparing a meal on the shores of the Great Slave Lake

A SUPPLY SHIP ARRIVES AT FORT FRANKLIN, a lonely outpost on the shores of Great Bear Lake. About three years ago quantities of pitchblende ore were discovered near the east shore, and it is generally anticipated that before long this area will yield a large proportion of the world's supply of radium, and that it will rival even the Belgian Congo, the most prolific of all radium mining areas in the world. Gold, silver, cobalt, and manganese have also been found in profusion

IN CANADA'S ROADLES

Scenes in the Rapidly Developing North-West Territories—a Land

AN INDIAN OF THE GREAT SLAVE LAKE REGION: Men of this type have inhabited the North-West Territories for at least 2,000 years. In common with the Eskimos they are said to be offshoots of the Mongolian peoples of Eastern Asia. The Indian population is estimated at about 4,000

PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAR NORTH: The sled-dog has pro Territories, penetrating even the remotest regions with prospectors an

THOSE WHO TRAVEL IN THE FAR NORTH MUST BE EXPERT SHOTS as, on long journeys, it is not always possible to carry all the supplies necessary. This man is shooting wild duck

ON THE GREAT BEAR RIVER: There are many rapids on this waterway, and there prevent the boat from running aground. Most traders take on an Indian pilot who

The opening-up of Canada's vast North-West Territories is one of the romances of the present century. Every year enterprizing pioneers are making their way into the little-known North and returning with glowing reports of great mineral wealth waiting to be developed. The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of the vastness of this roadless land, with its great lakes, mighty rivers, and boundless plains. To-day river steamboats, canoes, dog-sleds, and aeroplanes, are all assisting man in opening up this great territor Three years ago at Great Bear Lake t first gramme of Empire radium was pr duced, and an industry has since bee established which will probably smash f ever Belgium's monopoly of the produ In December of last year a regular a service was established between Southe Canada and the lonely settlement Coppermine. It is hundreds of miles fro the nearest railway, but experts declare th within a short time it will be the bus

SS NORTH

of Lakes and Waterways

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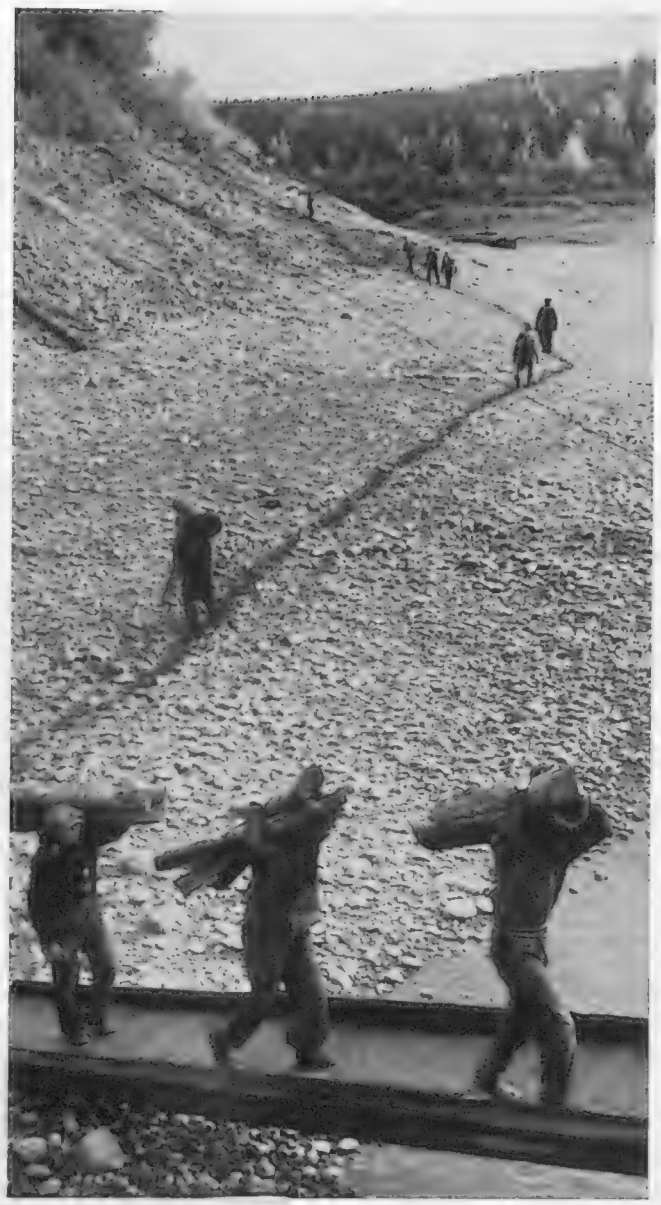


REFUELLING: Bringing logs aboard the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, *Distributor*, from a depot on the banks of the Mackenzie River

AN INDIAN GIRL of the Mackenzie River valley. The Indians of the North-West Territories all speak dialects of a single language called Athapascan

TRANSPORT ON THE GREAT BEAR LAKE: This flat-bottomed boat is known as a "scow," and is built to withstand the storms which frequently occur on the lake. It has no cabin, but there is ample space for the erection of tents

must be somebody continually on the look-out to understands the peculiarities of the river

centre of an area yielding incalculable mineral wealth, supporting a vigorous population, and attracting as much capital and labour as any other part of the Dominion in the boom days of her expansion. The inauguration of this air service is not only a practical step in the direction of expanding the facilities for transporting fur traders, miners, surveyors, and food supplies, but is an indication of Canada's faith in her Northern Territories.

CAMP LIFE: A party of prospectors taking their mid-day meal round the camp fire. They evidently find standing warmer than sitting

THE SHALLOW-DRAUGHT STERN-WHEEL STEAMBOAT, "DISTRIBUTOR," ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER: This great river highway is navigable for over 1,000 miles. The *Distributor* runs from Fort Smith to McPherson and Aklavik, near the Arctic circle. About three round trips are made each season

On right—FORT RAE ON THE NORTH ARM OF THE GREAT SLAVE LAKE: This important depot for food supplies has a wireless station, and a force of three members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. There are excellent landing facilities for seaplanes

LEON GAUMONT—a pioneer of the film industry. He now lives at Nice

COLONEL A. C. BROMHEAD, who was associated with M. Gaumont in the early days

Big Businesses III.

THE ROMANCE of GAUMONT.

The Story of a Great Industrial Enterprise and its Small Beginning

By CHARLES GRAVES

The rise of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation from a staff of one man and an office boy in 1898 to a £20,000,000 concern with a staff of 16,000 and a monthly wage bill of nearly £500,000 is one of the greatest romances of modern times.

The original founder of the company which was the forerunner of the present mammoth corporation is still very much alive. Mr. Leon Gaumont is now in his seventies, and lives at Nice. He is very well off, unlike most inventors, and is quite philosophical. The other day he visited the new Gaumont-British studios at Lime Grove and the commissionaire announced his name to the secretary of one of the production executives. The secretary thought it was a joke. The commissionaire protested. The secretary said, "Next, I suppose you are going to announce Mr. British." Actually, of course, it was Mr. Leon Gaumont himself. He laughed a lot.

Mr. Gaumont, to begin at the beginning, had a small photographic store in Paris in 1893. From this humble start he progressed until he was the world's first and most important film producer. He made animated pictures in California, in France, and—after he had started his London office in two rooms in Cecil Court, Charing Cross—in England. His original staff consisted of Colonel Bromhead and an office boy, who is now Mr. Tommy Welsh, managing director of Welsh-Pearson Limited. In those days America was very far behindhand in the film game. They used to send over nearly all their negatives to be printed over here. They bought most of their pictures, too.

ISIDORE OSTRER: The President of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd.

C. M. WOOLF: Joint Managing Director of Gaumont-British with Mr. Mark Ostrer

It was in 1902 that the first studio was opened. It was an out-of-doors affair on Freeman's cricket ground, Champion Hill, Dulwich, and the first director was Alfred Collins, then associated with Kate Carney. In those days they knew nothing about artificial light. A film cost about £5 to make and did not take more than a day, unless some accident occurred, as in *The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night*. This picture took two days instead of one, because the heroine was rather an outsize in heroines. She had to seize the clapper of the giant bell which, with the two bits of painted scenery, constituted the entire lot, and unfortunately she pulled it down on top of her.

This film was perfectly serious drama, unlike *Lost a Leg of Mutton, Napoleon and the English Sailor*, which was the first film ever to have an exterior allocation (at Roedean), and *Naval Engagement*, which was a romantic comedy. I have in front of me a very early programme of the first continuous performance cinema which was opened by Gaumont at Bishopsgate in 1906. The programme consisted of the Olympic Games at Athens in 1906, the San Francisco earthquake, *Lost a Leg of Mutton*, and *Naval Engagement*, and lasted three-quarters of an hour. The Olympic Games film was the first news-reel scoop in the history of pictures, for Mr. Gaumont had arranged for an exclusive monopoly of the pictures and, indeed, he was the official movie-camera photographer to the King of Greece.

The first groping attempt to give speech to the screen began as early as 1902. The method employed was the synchronizing of gramophone discs with the pictures. If the operator failed, however, to put his needle down at exactly the right moment, the most deliciously grotesque results occurred. Known as chronophone outfits, they toured the provinces with considerable success, as well as appearing at the London Pavilion. Among the early stars were Harry Lauder, George Robey, Clarice Mayne, and Ernie Mayne. Among their programmes were excerpts from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which, incidentally, have never since been seen on the screen.

Slowly the industry progressed. America was still far behind. The next stage in the development of the Gaumont Company was the introduction of an early attempt to secure natural colour films. You may possibly remember them. They were called chronchrome, and were quite popular in London and the provinces. The system was based on the simultaneous projection of three pictures through a coloured screen in green, red, and violet. In those days, of course, the cinema habit was still very much looked down upon and was largely left to the servant girl for her evening out. It is astonishing, to look forward for a moment, how times have changed and how to-day you are quite likely to find the Prince of Wales or the Duke and Duchess of York seated next to you.

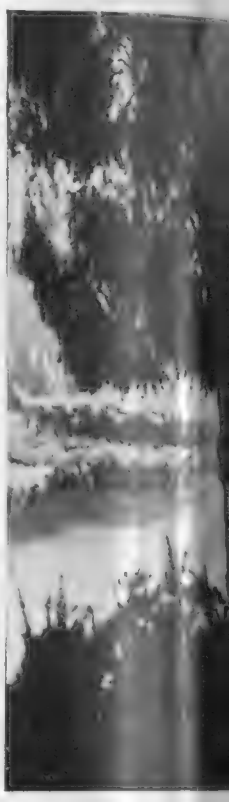
It was in the year before the War that Mr. Gaumont decided to produce his own pictures on a much larger scale than before. He built a studio embodying every existing scientific and mechanical device at Lime Grove near the film-printing factory which Colonel Bromhead, his London representative, had established the year before. In those days there were still three lime trees to justify its nomenclature. It was a glass affair and existed until eighteen months ago. (Whereby hangs a tale. When the talkies came in with a sudden rush, it was necessary to make *High Treason* before the studio was completely sound-proof. Unfortunately, for years the glass roof had been a favourite rendezvous of the local sparrows, and the only way in which their twittering could be prevented from interfering with the more dramatic bits of dialogue was to shoot the picture between midnight and dawn.)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK: Director

TIM WHELAN: Director

The business was still a very small affair, however, in pre-War days, although in 1914 a real full-length picture was made. This was *The Life of Richard Wagner*, with an elaborate musical setting provided by the London Symphony Orchestra under Landon Ronald. Until then the studio had been largely concerned with news reels, brief comedies, and absurd little "drammers." It may be of interest to recall that among the cameramen employed at that time was G. H. Wilkins, better known to-day as Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Polar explorer.

Unfortunately, war came to dislocate almost entirely the original Lime Grove studios. But the work went on, and it was from there that the first war film which ever showed an aeroplane fight was "shot." The second film was directed by George Pearson and was called *Ultus, the Man from the Dead*. This was so successful that a whole series of Ultus pictures was made. In the year following the lighting effects were altered, but the Government took over the building and, though film production was permitted to continue in a haphazard way, the studio was chiefly used for research and propaganda purposes. It was largely because of this that America got such a flying start of Great Britain and was thus able to secure the best cinemas all over the world, as well as to improve cinema technique. At the time of the Armistice a screen version of H. G. Wells's *First Man in the Moon* was being made, and the company was using gas-filled lamps for the first time on a large scale.



So far, the Gaumont Company was doing tolerably well, but the public had very little belief in the film industry as a form of safe investment. Thus it was that the brothers Ostrer came into the picture in every sense of the word. Originally stockbrokers and stockjobbers, they became an issuing house, and in 1922 they were approached by a firm of stockbrokers with the suggestion that their clients were interested in getting control of a certain film business owned by foreigners. This suggestion had been made to a number of other issuing houses, who all turned it down, and who must have since that day kicked themselves till they were sore for missing a golden opportunity. The three brothers—Isidore, Mark, and Maurice—went into the business, bought out Mr. Gaumont (as the foreigner turned out to be), and formed the Gaumont Trust Company. The purchase price was in the neighbourhood of £250,000, and they gave Colonel

FIVE GAUMONT-

BRITISH FILMS

Bromhead and his brother, Mr. Reginald Bromhead, half the shares and a long contract each. They themselves handled the big finance and left the details to the Bromheads. Thereafter the company became entirely British owned.

For the next five years the Ostrers were remote figures as far as the company was concerned, and did not interest themselves in the management. Then Isidore Ostrer, colloquially known as I. O., suddenly woke up to the fact that the United States had almost a stranglehold on the films over here, and realized that the only way to save the industry was to have

THE IMPOSING FRONTAGE OF THE GAUMONT-BRITISH STUDIOS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH: Once passed this modernistic exterior the visitor must be prepared for many surprises. One may find in the studios a vivid reconstruction of the market square of a medieval city, a forest scene, or any of the hundred and one different settings which may be necessary to the creation of a film. The picture on the left was taken during the making of *Jew Süss*, one of the most elaborate forthcoming Gaumont-British pictures. In the centre are seen Gerald du Maurier as Weissensee and Frank Vosper as Karl Alexander

control of every angle of the game—production, distribution, cinemas, and all the rest of it. He decided that the first step was to get control of theatres and then talk to the United States.

The first theatres he acquired were the Davis Circuit: the Marble Arch Pavilion, the Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, the Lavender Hill Pavilion, and the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion. Meantime he had amalgamated the W. and F. Films and Ideal Films. At the same time the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation came into being. There was an issue of £5,000,000 worth of 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures at 98. Immediately afterwards another twenty-one theatres were acquired. In the following year still more were bought up, and to-day the corporation owns or controls 400 cinemas, which include the Provincial Cinematograph Trust which they acquired from Lord Beaverbrook—a deal finally fixed, like so many others, at the Savoy Grill, at dinner time. It involved hundreds of thousands of pounds.

To-day the vast organization has its tentacles everywhere. It owns fifty dance halls and a similar number of music halls in this country; it owns the Royal Hotel at Edinburgh and the Alhambra Music Hall in Paris. Altogether there are sixty-seven subsidiary companies which own cinemas, make pictures, distribute pictures, manufacture the machinery for talkies, make wireless receiving sets, and equip studios. In addition, I. O. some time ago acquired a block of 800,000 shares and a controlling interest in Baird Television on behalf of one of his companies. The ownership of *The Referee* is a personal one, however. It belongs to I. O., although I believe he holds the shares in the name of his brother Maurice.

Apart from all these companies there are vast departments, such as that of catering, which need huge staffs. At the Gaumont Palace at Hammersmith the restaurant has a capacity of 1,000 people. There are food and drink to be supplied at the dance halls from the Regent in Brighton to the Palace at Bradford, and still further north. There is the Kitcat, the Tivoli Bar, the Capitol Grill, not to mention the two canteens which feed 600 people at the new studios at Lime Grove.

Roughly speaking, I. O. remains a mysterious figure in the background in charge of the finance; Maurice Ostrer looks after the distributing companies and those which handle the by-products such as film recording and reproducing apparatus; Mark Ostrer, who is chairman and joint managing director with Mr. C. M. Woolf, is chiefly concerned with the theatres and expenditure. Another brother, David, is in the Overseas Market Department, while Harry is in the studios.

There are two things which account for the incredible growth of Gaumont-British. The first, to be frank, is the quota. The quota, as you probably know, was the first occasion on which a real tariff of increasing intensity was applied to foreign imports, and it has had a remarkable success. When it was first imposed, every cinema in this country was compelled to show at least 7½ per cent. of English films. This rate has risen progressively until to-day it stands at 20 per cent. and will soon go up to 25 per cent. The other thing was the determination of the Ostrer brothers to cease to be purely financiers and to interest themselves personally and full time in the growing spate of companies which they had brought into being or expanded. It is this personal supervision, together with the acute gift for looking into the future possessed by I. O., which has made the company the sixth largest industrial concern in Great Britain within four years of their taking control themselves.

Possibly the turning point in the Gaumont-British Corporation's finances occurred five years ago when I. O. went to the United States and, by a stroke of financial genius, persuaded the Fox Film Company to invest £4,000,000 for 49 per cent. of the Ostrers' controlling interest. On his return the Bromheads disagreed with the policy, and were bought out. That cost about £600,000.

So far I have sketched only the main outlines of this gigantic corporation. Consider the Director of Public Relations with his £10,000-a-year sitting in Astor House, Aldwych, and his £1,000-a-year assistant. Consider, too, the publicity department at Lime Grove. Think of the subsidiary company which handles the £200,000-a-year advertising appropriation for pictures alone. Visualize the costumiers' department at the Lime Grove studios, and the hundreds of electricians, plasterers, carpenters, and the like. There is a permanent staff of 1,000 employees there, which is largely swollen when, as sometimes happens, no fewer than four pictures are made simultaneously there (another 400 people are employed at the studios at Islington). Moreover, if you visit the studios, as I have done, it looks as though there are 2,000 or 3,000 employees at the very least. There are all kinds of people of whom you never think, the make-up men among them.

Actually there are seven "ace" directors—Alfred Hitchcock, Tim Whelan, Walter Forde, Victor Saville, Maurice Elvey, Tom Walls, and Sinclair Hill, working under the supervision of Michael Balcon, production chief to the corporation. More than £1,000,000 were spent on the studios, and millions more are going to be spent in the next few years on big productions which are likely to break into the

BRITISH DIRECTORS: (1) Walter Forde, (2) Victor Saville, (3) Maurice Elvey, (4) Sinclair Hill, (5) Tom Walls

(Continued on p. 368)

A DE LOUTHERBOURG PICTURE REPRODUCED IN OIL PAINT: This copy was made in the eighteenth century by the Polygraphia process and is now in the National Portrait Gallery. A silk screen was employed—it was probably stretched over the original and the outlines of trees, figures, etc., traced upon it. Portions of the picture not being dealt with at the moment were stopped out with varnish. Oil paint was pressed through the silk on to canvas or paper. The number of operations for this particular polygraph must have been considerable and the amount of skill in the operator very high

AN ASTONISHING REVELATION in the ART WORLD

How Oil Paintings can be Copied in Oil Paint by a Silk Screen Process used in the Eighteenth Century and Still Employed To-day

By PROFESSOR A. P. LAURIE

During a case in court a few days ago, where the value of certain paintings was in question, reference was made in evidence, particularly by Sir Charles Holmes, to the existence of a little-known method of reproducing oil paintings in oil. The fact that these oil copies exist is of the highest importance to all picture collectors

A MODERN USER OF THE PROCESS. Up-to-date applications of the silk-screen process are in use to-day. Here we see a silk screen with its stouter muslin edge being examined before use

FINISHING A DESIGN UPON THE SILK: The silk screen is stretched in position on a frame and the design for a particular colour worked out on the silk. All the rest of the screen is stopped out with cellulose, which prevents the colour penetrating the silk

PRINTING OUT ON A SILK SCREEN: Photographic methods are now employed to aid the Polygraphia process. Here the subject is being exposed to a strong ray of light and a negative result is obtained on the sensitized silk which lies stretched behind it. The paint will go through all the portions which have not been acted upon by the light. These pictures are by courtesy of Selectasine Patents, Ltd., who supply all the apparatus necessary for using this process

There are certain pictures which turn up in the auction room at intervals and puzzle the dealers. They are obviously not colour prints. They might be painted lithographs, of which there are many about, mounted on panel, covered with a dark varnish and nicely framed, but painted lithographs are usually, if not always, on a paper foundation. The dealer is content to pass them as somehow not quite right, and having the marks of some kind of mechanical process.

That a process of reproduction in colour of oil pictures existed before the days of lithography was unknown except to a few learned persons like the librarian at St. Bride's, until Sir Charles Holmes directed attention to it in a recent case before the Law Courts.

The process is supposed to have been invented by Francis Egirton, the reproductions were sold by a society called the Polygraphic Society, and the actual reproductions were made by the famous firm of Matthew Boulton, engineers, of Soho, Birmingham, who became partners of Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. Old masters were bought and reproduced, and an exhibition held. All this happened in 1784, some ten years before the invention of lithography.

Not only were old masters reproduced, but the process was utilized by living artists to reproduce a popular picture. De Loutherbourg, a well-known painter of the time, who was very popular, had two pictures of his, called "Winter" and "Summer," reproduced by this process, and the correspondence between him and the firm of Boulton still exists. One of these reproductions is in the possession of the National Portrait Gallery. The Rev. M. W. Peters also used it to reproduce his pictures. When these subjects are examined through a lens, it can be seen at once, especially in the faces, that one flat tint is lying with sharp edges over another, at once suggesting stencilling, while the paint layers, thinner than painting with the brush, are perfectly flat, and too thick to have been reproduced by a printing process.

The method used was a carefully-guarded secret, and was finally abandoned as too expensive. There can nevertheless be no question as to how it was done.

There is a process used to-day of stencilling through tightly-stretched silk used for bolting flour, by which coloured advertisements are printed, and by which remarkable reproductions of oil paintings have been made. Doubtless this was the method used for the polygraphic reproductions.

Supposing that we want to print a red letter on a piece of paper, the silk is tightly stretched on a frame, the outline of the letter is drawn on the silk, and the rest of the surface of the silk is stopped out by painting it with a varnish which closes the pores of the silk. The silk is then laid down on a sheet of paper, some red paint poured on the top and forced through the open pores by means of a squeegee on to the surface of the paper below. To build up an elaborate colour scheme the process is the same as in colour lithography, the picture being analysed into definite patches of colour, and one printing following another. The different outlines of coloured areas are drawn on the silk, and can be traced from the original picture. The final product is touched up here and there with the brush to remove the hard lines between the different layers of colour, and to add high lights in full *impasto*. Examples of the de Loutherbourg reproductions have been shown to firms practising the process to-day, and they are satisfied as to the method.

The final questions are, how old is the process and where does it come from? There are legends that it is Chinese and is very old, the screens being made by weaving human hair. It may also have been used in illuminated MSS. where the same initial letter is repeated, and in old choir books for painting initial letters in flat colour, and for multiplying sheets of music before Aloys Senefelder invented lithography for the reproduction of musical scores in 179[illegible]

ACTIVITIES OF EVE

THE HUNTER SHOW AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON: Lady Digby presenting the King's Challenge Cup, which was awarded to the Southwold Hunt Sire Association for their fourteen-year-old horse, Mankato. Major W. H. Rawnsley, who is receiving the trophy, is Joint Master of the Southwold Hunt

CONJUGAL CONGRATULATIONS: Mr. Thomas Condy, head constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, being greeted by his wife outside Buckingham Palace after he had received a Distinguished Service Medal

DORIS WOODALL (left), a former operatic star, beside the refreshment stall she has recently opened in the Caledonian Market. She is planning to start a country restaurant, but is first gaining experience in this smaller venture

AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES DINNER BALL AT THE DORCHESTER: Mr. Jim Mollison, Marchioness Douro, Mrs. Mollison, and Kathleen Countess of Drogheda (sitting), watching the pageant of British industries

THE QUEEN OF THE SKIS: Fräulein Christel Cranz, who is regarded as the most accomplished woman ski-er in Germany. She is seen here receiving applause in front of the grand-stand after a recent demonstration of her skill. She has discarded her skis

THE PERFECT PROFILE: Miss Lisbeth Ranson who, at the moment, is the most photographed girl in Paris. Her pictures are to be seen in nearly every fashion paper

MIXED MARRIAGES—SOME STRANGE RELATIONSHIPS: A double wedding, which recently took place at Greenfield, Indiana, United States, has produced a complicated table of relationship which even in America must be deemed unusual. The brides were mother and daughter (above), and the bridegrooms uncle and nephew. The older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Iley Vest, were married several years ago, but divorced each other. Mr. Vest married, as his second wife, a Miss Pearl Davis, who died recently, and his former wife married a Mr. Joseph Lunsford, whom she divorced shortly afterwards. Mr. Clay Vest, the young bridegroom, had as his bride the daughter of his aunt's second husband. He now becomes the nephew of his step-father-in-law and a cousin of his father-in-law, who was the second husband of his mother-in-law. This, at any rate, is how the American caption writer described it

PLAYS of the

Oriental Roundabouts at the Coliseum : "Private Room" at the Westminster —A Pretty Comedy with too much Talk to it : R. C. Sherriff Disappoints in his Play about a Sweepstake Winner

DON JUAN AND THE LADIES: A scene from André Obey's play, *Don Juan*, which La Compagnie des Quinze are presenting for a fortnight's run at the Globe Theatre. The title rôle is played by Pierre Fresnay

There is a ghastly theatre in Paris—I saw a nightmare version of *Die Fledermaus* there a few weeks ago—in which the stage not only goes round and round, but up and down at the same time. Visitors to the not-so-very-gay city who boast that the Channel crossing, whether by air or sea, holds no terrors for them, will find their good-sailorship put to a severe test by this contraption.

If the test is passed in triumph I would suggest a visit to the Coliseum, where several stages revolve concentrically and in contrary motion, the actors only remaining on them by what is, I believe, known as centrifugal force. Leaving the thin ice of technicalities, let me hasten to declare that there is more engineering movement in *The Golden Toy*, Dr. Berger's production of a translation of a play by Carl Zuckmayer founded on an Indian fairy story, than in any piece I have ever seen. One greets it with something like the wonder one feels at a first sight of the Forth Bridge, than which it must have been hardly less expensive.

Whatever Sir Oswald Stoll's fortune with the Shakespearean swings at the Alhambra, he has planked down money heavily on the Oriental roundabouts at the Alhambra. For the revolving platforms, which can even accommodate an elephant with as much ease as a railway turntable attends to a locomotive engine, are not unadorned. They are furnished with houses, rocks, trees, costumes, and the players inside them, all costing a great deal of money. This ingenuity and expenditure are to a large extent wasted, since before the eye has time to feast on any single result of it the stage rolls it out of sight and presents another. At times one actually sees actors and actresses clambering from scene to scene, the ground shifting beneath their feet.

Never has the insecurity of tenure in the theatrical profession been exemplified more vividly.

This is not an onslaught against the revolving stage as such. It is a good servant but a bad master. Sir Oswald Stoll and his attendant Teuton have stretched themselves in obeisance and allowed it, in Juggernaut fashion, to roll right over them and over the play too. The latter is a delicate affair, rather too delicate for the size of the house. The legend of the imaginary prince who lusts evilly after the maiden whom the real prince, living in obscurity, loves with a poetic passion, is pretty enough; the adventures of the lovers (who are nearly burned to death), and their rescue in some symbolic fashion by a toy cart made of gold, have at least as much romance in them as is to be found in the average musical-comedy, and much more drama.

But, confronted by the impossible task of making the East funny and conserving at the same time its romantic dignity, those responsible for the book have produced an uncomfortable mixture of *Hassan*, *Kismet*, and one of the less funny Aladdin pantomimes.

The spectacle would have been an asset, for in lighting, in dresses, in cleverly-devised ballets it is very fine indeed. Alas! that Revolving Monster, only too visible, went far to rob us even of that. I grant that the tee-to-tum occasionally won applause; audiences, particularly first night audiences, will applaud the oddest things. Could not it be suggested to Dr. Berger that the revolving stages, if they must be used in sight of all (for which I can see no necessity), should be used once only? Let this be done early in the evening, so that the nonsense is over and done with and the road is clear for the real business of the theatre. That business can be acting, singing, dancing, jollity, scenic splendour, and possibly a combination of them all; it certainly should not have any affinity with a machinery exhibition at Olympia.

The musical side of *The Golden Toy* is in every way admirable. The gentle German romanticism of Schumann comes up to the scratch far better than I had expected; not that this could ever fail to be lovely music, but the atmosphere of drawing-rooms in the 'forties seems a long way from Baghdad or Siam or Benares, or whatever the location of this piece is intended to be. The union is surprisingly satisfactory. The selection has been made with tact and it is perfectly sung, not by the players on the stage but by a choir and two soloists, one of them that first-rate soprano, Miss Thea Phillips, who pops out from unexpected nooks in the auditorium and the proscenium arch.

The acting cast have to struggle against an unconvincing play and a producer who, as I fancy I have indicated, whisks them here and there with all the resources of the Coliseum's mighty engines. Mr. Ion Swinley's fine voice and sense of romance had, however, some scope, and he pursued Miss Peggy Ashcroft poetically. Mr. Wilfred Lawson was a most villainous villain. Mr. Ernest Thesiger philosophised elegantly; I have never seen Mr. Thesiger "blacked-up" before, or wearing such a variety of strange hats. Miss Nellie Wallace and Mr. Stanley Lupino brought us with a bump into pantomime. Really, I do not see what else they could have done; they had much less opportunity than the elephant—a well-behaved elephant with an astounding appetite.

A MOVING SPECTACLE AT THE COLISEUM: A scene from *The Golden Toy*, a romantic play with an Eastern setting by Carl Zuckmayer. The cast numbers 350

GOOD TASTE IN LITERATURE: Wendy Barrie, whom many will remember as Jane Seymour in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, will shortly be seen in the British Lion Production, *Without You*

"Windfall."—

Mr. R. C. Sherriff has still to suffer the penalties of *Journey's End*. His determination not to be known as a one-play man is laudable, and I trust the quality of success will not continue to refuse to accompany it. In *Windfall* at the Embassy there is not only *Journey's End* looming ominously in the background; there is another play about a man in humble life who wins a huge sweepstake prize, and its name is *Sheppey*, and its author Mr. Somerset Maugham.

I know full well that *Windfall* owes nothing to *Sheppey*, which was, one gathers, written later. *Sheppey* was produced first, and when one comes up against Mr. Maugham in matters of comparison it is apt to be "bad for the coo."

THE RASCALLY PRINCE: Mr. Wilfrid Lawson who gives an outstanding performance as Samsthanaka in *The Golden Toy* at the Coliseum

MOMENT

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Maugham writes of his suburbanites with some degree of authority; he was one of them himself, and one never feels even now that there is a great gulf fixed. But such a gulf does exist here between Messrs. Maugham and Sherriff, though *Sheppey* was far from being the former's best play, and both indulge in unconvincing forms of symbolism. Mr. Sherriff's characters here are loose and often inconsistent, the most inconsistent of all being the principal one.

There is no reason why Mr. Spooner, ironmonger's assistant, should not have wished, despite his windfall of £80,000, to go on living in a rather dreadful little house at Barnes, of which he was fond, largely because it would soon be his on the instalment plan. He was an unambitious, unaffected, decent little soul: but he had his ideals, one of them being pride in labour for its own sake. That is why he wanted to keep on behind the counter and wanted his brother-in-law also to keep his job. The brother-in-law had other notions, and when Spooner refused to give him pots of money on which to idle and to lead the apolaustic life far, far from the suburbs, he got ingloriously drunk and drowned himself, leaving behind a note for the coroner to the effect that Spooner's miseriness had driven him to it.

"THIS ITEM OF £10,000 IS MARKED CARRIED FORWARD —I THINK I SHOULD CARRY IT FORWARD AGAIN": Elsie Randolph and Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington*

AUGUSTE BOVERIO AS THE KING IN "DON JUAN": He is a symbolic figure, representing tolerance, understanding, and mercy

Now that is where both Mr. Spooner's character and Mr. Sherriff's play came unstuck. If the little man had had enough grit to maintain an original form of independence, to resist flattery and inducements to take a big house, to ward off the cadgers, and to ignore, to all intents and purposes, £80,000, he would have answered that coroner in his own defence pretty shrewdly, and in a way that would not have made him the outcast of the district, despised and rejected in as far as any man with such a sum of money can undergo such an ordeal.

A SITTING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: An entertaining scene from *Mr. Whittington* at the Hippodrome. Jack Buchanan is in the foreground

He would have told the coroner in double-quick time that the dead man was an idle rotter, that he had, in fact, helped him in many ways, but that there was no sense in giving him unlimited money just for him to booze it away.

That would have meant doing away with the last act, in which Mr. and Mrs. Spooner are seen leaving the Barnes house, like Adam and Eve turned out of the Garden of Eden, with the curses of all Barnes upon them, for a big house at Hampstead. Spooner has turned round completely, and for the silliest of reasons.

I can be interested in spots in a play such as this, and Mr. Sherriff is by no means a dull writer. But I cannot be either convinced or carried away by it, and, with its poor first scene and still poorer last scene, *Windfall* is not likely to bring Mr. Sherriff another fortune.

Mr. Hugh E. Wright put all the character it is humanly possible to put into Spooner, who is quite colourless from the moment he ceases to fight against circumstances. Mr. Vernon Sylvaine was boisterously "drunk," and spitefully threatening as his brother-in-law. Mr. Frederick Piper gave a neat picture of a suburban opportunist, and Mr. Thomas Weguelin was in every sense immense as an Old Bill of a plumber, stage plumbers being comic as a matter of course.

Why the scenery was designed to make the house and garden of doll's house dimensions, why some dream effects in the Russian manner should have been introduced, and why the coroner sat in the dark, I do not know.

"Private Room."—More Suburbia down Westminster way, and almost under the shadow of Buckingham Palace. If only it could be pruned, telescoped, boiled down, chopped up and rearranged, and suffer sundry other uncomfortable processes, Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's *Private Room* would be a pretty comedy, with quite as much prettiness as comedy. Even as I saw it, it is one of the best plays the Westminster Theatre has produced.

Lilla is a suburban girl—pretty, respectable, hard-working. She lives at Walham Green with an unpleasant brother who is a lawyer's clerk, and a bad-tempered sister who is tuberculous. In order to get some money to send her sister to Switzerland to be cured of her bad temper or her tuberculosis or both, she consents to a plan devised by her brother for which she is to get £25. She is to dine at an hotel, in a private room, with a stranger who is having a divorce fixed for him. All purely a matter of form.

The act at the hotel is amusingly written, with flashes of real wit. I very much doubt whether a pretty girl from Walham Green who works in a Pont Street hat-shop would have been so *gauche* at that meal, with her questions about champagne and her shy terror of the waiter. And I am certain that, excellent actor though Mr. Alan Napier is, no aristocrat (the aristocratic label is writ very large) would have been quite so lordly, so ignorant of Suburbia and its ways, as was our hat-shop girl's companion. The modern world is not penned off quite so rigidly as all that.

However, for comedy purposes this was all to the good, and a fitting preparation for the pretty sentimentalities which followed. For the aristocrat rather liked Lilla, and she adored him because he lit a cigarette for her with an air unknown to her suburban fiancé, and listened to her prattling in a way that "combined a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland."

What is more, he gave her £43 5s. instead of the agreed "pony," and did not, although the doors were locked, want her to—well, he did not touch a hair of her head as they say. That act was long but good.

The next act was longer and not nearly so good. Little happened in it beyond the visit of the aristocrat (Mr. Napier seemed to have grown even taller during the interval) to Lilla's hat-shop with another, and vastly aristocratic, lady. He handed Lilla his fivers for the other girl's hats, received the change from her, and did not even recognize the hair of her head. She was heart-broken, but not completely, and it was obvious that she would marry her fiancé—"a commonplace type, with a stick and a pipe and a half-bred black-and-tan." This part was uncommonly well played by Mr. Basil Radford. Miss Thea Holmes's Lilla is the best thing she has yet done—and that means a good deal.

Talk is natural at Westminster; but if Miss Royde-Smith can ignore the tradition and cut some of the cackle which overloads *Private Room*, she will have written a comedy worth seeing more than once.

A NEW STUDY OF CELIA JOHNSON, who stars in the successful comedy, *The Wind and the Rain*, which is enjoying a long run at the St. Martin's

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

It must always be a question whether authors should be encountered in the flesh. The wise author will carefully keep away from his admirers. He will resist the lure of literary cocktail parties, where he will be pestered by his obscure contemporaries, and succumb out of sheer kindness to some request that may involve him in much trouble and almost certain ingratitude. He will be wary of dinner parties, where he finds himself a cheap form of entertainment, and is well kicked in the cloakroom, metaphorically, by his fellow guests if he has not fulfilled their anticipations of wittiness and brilliance. However he reacts to social intercourse, he is almost certain to lose. Either it will be complained that he is not nearly so interesting as his books, or that it is a pity, since he is such a brilliant talker, that his books are not so good as his conversation. There are, of course, a number of authors whose tongues and pens are equally matched. If these are not ruined by American lecture tours they will grow to dislike the lonely labour of the desk and degenerate into diners-out, floating on past triumphs. London is full of this *rentier* class, writers living on their past and a promissory note drawn on the future. Yes, the wise author will play the hermit, but since authors are seldom wise, they are seldom hermits. Once they find they have drawn the spotlight they are eager to keep it focused upon themselves. They are only human.

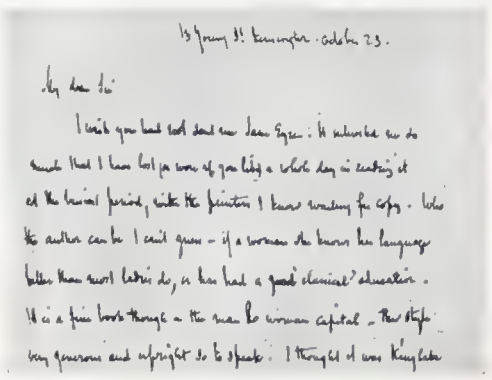
John Galsworthy was a hermit by nature. He was always remote. My own contacts with him were few and slight, but I always had the impression that this was a man one could never know as one could know some of his contemporaries. **Mr. Hermon Ould** has now made a book about him. I advisedly use the word "made," for after reading it I do not feel that he ever knew Galsworthy really. He was always kept at a distance, however kindly the author felt towards him. It was not in Galsworthy to unfold. Mr. Ould, as secretary of the P.E.N., an organization of writers into which Galsworthy was drawn by the lady who founded it, had many opportunities of seeing him. He pays in his book, **John Galsworthy (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.)**, a sincere and feeling tribute to the author as man and writer, but all the time one is conscious of a failure to make any revelation, to get under the skin of the subject. The Galsworthy one encounters on the first page is as remote on the last. In such notes as he wrote the veil is never lifted. I remember that Conrad, who had an affectionate regard for him, and in whose room I first met Galsworthy, remarked, "He's a mysterious fellow—he'll never let himself go, out of print."

Mr. Ould's portrait of Galsworthy, even though it runs contrary to that of others, deserves to be known. "I gained an impression then, later deepened and subsequently obliterated, that he was aloof, unapproachable, unbending. He was none of these things. He was shy and, for one so travelled and accustomed to ceremonies, peculiarly retiring, and his *sangfroid*, I afterwards discovered, was quite fictitious." This may have been so, but Mr. Ould can give no proof in his book of the *vie intime* or of the inner Galsworthy. It is a book that might have been written by any competent author with Galsworthy as the theme. I do not wish to seem ungracious to Mr. Ould's most readable work. He presents his subject soberly, with admiration, of course, justified in every word. He gives a sound though cursory analysis of Galsworthy's work, and examines briefly his attitude on sex, modernity, religion, and life. We are too near his death to gain a true perspective of the permanent value of his work. His attitude towards the underdog was more that of pity and patience rather than understanding and co-operation. But it was a very noble pity and a very long-suffering patience. He won success, his qualities were too sterling to be ignored, but I was shocked by the treatment he received at his death, the disparaging, cool tribute to one who had served letters so nobly and faced life so boldly. When we contrast his dismissal with the hullabaloo on the death of Lawrence, and think of the contributions each made to the social history of this country, one is compelled to wonder whether fame founded on sex is not more resounding than that founded on sanity in these degenerate days. For this reason I welcome Mr. Ould's book, the first in the field, and the attention he draws to the man and his work.

I am puzzled by **Sir Evelyn Wrench's** autobiography. It is called **Uphill (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.)**. In the first place the book stops in the year 1914, with the real career, by which Sir Evelyn has become widely known, unmentioned. Nor is there any intimation of a second volume to follow. The narrative is abruptly lopped off with the reader standing on the threshold of Sir Evelyn's finest achievement. The title also is singular and inappropriate. There never appears to have been anything uphill, certainly in the first forty years of the author's career. He was not born in the purple, but near enough to ermine to have everything of worth that can come to an English boy. He went to Eton, his surroundings were of the well-to-do element, as is instanced by the fact that his father presented him with £500 for a European holiday. Before he was twenty he had travelled in Russia, Germany, and Turkey. He had, obviously, the enormous assets of personal charm and tireless energy. There is an amusing and astonishing description of how he founded a postcard business, and experienced such a rapid flight to success that at twenty he was hailed as the Postcard King.

His reign ended suddenly, but, though brief, it had been glorious. At that moment the good fairy was present again. Northcliffe took a liking to him and made him his personal secretary. He thus experienced the prestige and power of the Carmelite Confederacy. He draws one of the pleasantest portraits of Alfred Harmsworth I have ever read. But while on Mount Carmelite Sir Evelyn saw a vision of Empire, and embarked on a crusade that went from triumph to triumph. It is at this point, with an office transferred from Carmelite House to the premises of the Overseas League, that the author abruptly leaves us. So far it has all seemed like free-wheeling rather than uphill. Sir Evelyn had the gift of finding ideas that had wings. Surely there will be another book describing the longer and even more successful flights? "Would the road wind uphill all the way? I did not know or care. The dream was coming true." This is the author's final sentence. The jacket incorrectly promises the story of the English-Speaking Union and the All Peoples Association. But Sir Evelyn has been cut off on page 306, and we learn nothing of these major achievements, which suggests there must be another volume coming.

"MR. JOSEPH ENTANGLED": Thackeray's original pencil drawing for the second plate in the first number of *Vanity Fair*. This drawing will be offered for sale on March 27 at Sotheby's together with important manuscripts and autograph letters at present forming part of the library of the Comte de Suzannet of Lausanne. This discriminating collector also owns the largest private collection of Dickens's letters



A DETAIL FROM THACKERAY'S LETTER IN PRAISE OF "JANE EYRE": This was written to W. S. Williams, reader to the publishing firm of Smith, Elder, and Company. Thackeray did not know at the time that Charlotte Brontë was the author, as she had written under the nom-de-plume of "Currer Bell." The letter, an extract from which follows, is the property of the Comte de Suzannet and will be sold at Sotheby's on March 27. *My dear Sir — I wish you had not sent me* Jane Eyre. *It interested me so much that I have lost (or won if you like) a whole day in reading it at the busiest period, with the printers I know wailing for copy. Who the author can be I can't guess—if a woman she knows her language better than most ladies do, or has had a "classical" education. It is a fine book though—the man and woman capital—the style very generous and upright so to speak. I thought it was Kinglake for some time. The plot of the story is one with wh. I am familiar. Some of the love passages made me cry—to the astonishment of John who came in with the coals. St. John the missionary is a failure I think, but a good failure, there are parts excellent. I don't know why I tell you this but that I have been exceedingly moved & pleased by* Jane Eyre. *It is a woman's writing, but whose? Give my respects and thanks to the author, whose novel is the first English one (& the French are only romances now) that I've been able to read for many a day*

A Tribute to John Galsworthy: Sir Evelyn Wrench's Autobiography: Lord Reading and His Cases—A Story of Outstanding Success: Sir William Beach Thomas Takes Us on a Ramble Through the English Countryside

The Dick Whittington legend, the story of the poor boy's rise to fame and power as the result of hard work, is very slow to die. It fastened itself upon Rufus Isaacs; and countless boys have been encouraged on their hard course by the story of the cabin boy who rose to be Viceroy of India. Examined in the close facts, the poor boy legend becomes nonsense. Young Rufus Isaacs's parents were people of position, the boy was sent to University College School, London, and went to sea at his own request. The first evidence of his forensic power seems to have arisen in his choice, by the crew of his ship, to present their case to an irate captain. Young Isaacs seems to have succeeded in his first task of advocacy. There followed a life of such startling success in politics and at the Bar that it would have been almost impossible to write a dull life with such wonderful material. **Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, in Lord Reading and His Cases (Chapman and Hall. 15s.)**, has done ample justice to his subject and not missed his opportunities. It is a story of continuous success, of a star firmly in the ascendant throughout. Within ten years of going to the Bar Rufus Isaacs, as a junior, was earning £7,000 a year. He then took the hazardous step of applying for silk, which is not, as so many imagine, an honour conferred on the successful barrister, but a permission from the Lord Chancellor to become a King's Counsel, and pass from the trial of the heats to that of the finals. It is at this stage that the ambitious barrister becomes the carpet-bagger. He looks around for a constituency, knowing that House of Commons notepaper gives a better address than any supplied by Mayfair.

Isaacs was now firmly in the saddle. Mr. Walker-Smith writes so well that I must quote his opening observations on apprenticeship at the Bar. "The practice of the law attracts to itself a large and varied congregation of acolytes. Men of ambition and ability turn to it with their eyes on the prizes of the profession; the dilettante anchors to it his somewhat fluttering pursuit of literature or the arts. The man of education follows it because his education has fitted him for it; the man of no education aspires to it in the hope of being educated in the process. And yet among the varied types who throng its halls there exists the camaraderie of a great self-confident trade union, whose laws are mainly the inherited tradition of etiquette and not formal rules in black and white."

From now on, Rufus Isaacs was in the limelight. The Hartopp divorce case, the Whitaker Wright case, the Reading by-election of 1904, the Gaiety Girl divorce case, the rise to the Solicitor-Generalship, more politics, the perilous shoals of the Marconi scandal, and the wartime office of Lord Chief Justice, followed by the Roger Casement case—all these are stages of a great career. Mr. Walker-Smith, since this is a study of a legal career, does not attempt to follow that of the statesman, either as Special Envoy to America or as the Viceroy of India. But the pageant is rich enough without these offices; and in his clear and dramatic reconstruction of famous cases in which Rufus Isaacs appeared, Mr. Walker-Smith has provided an absorbing drama. It is natural he should succumb to hero-worship, for he has enthusiasm for his job and for the quality and character of his subject, and he amply fulfils the dictum that the life of a great advocate is a social document.

The promise of spring turns our thoughts to country books. **Sir William Beach Thomas**, now far from the growl of cannon, has settled himself in Hertfordshire and chronicles the passing of the seasons. He is a naturalist with a charming manner of presenting his facts. In **The Yeoman's England (Maclehose. 8s. 6d.)** he takes us on a pleasant ramble through the months and the English countryside. Whether he writes about Oxford Gardens, the pelicans in St. James's Park, the weasel or the wind, he has something new from his own observation to tell us.

On page 368 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

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Drawing by Freda Beard

A PARIS FORECAST

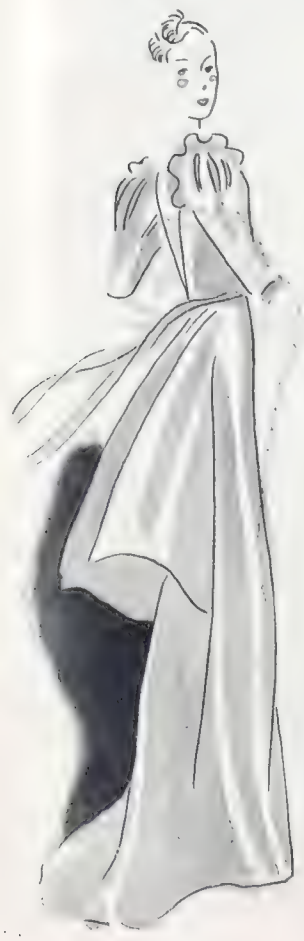
Curves, cascades, and coquetry—these are the three impressions that finally emerged from the welter of the Paris collections, even though they did stage-manage things so badly that demonstrations, Doumergue, and the dreary emptiness of streets devoid of taxis almost supplanted them as topics of conversation. As if Fashion herself was not in a sufficiently contradictory mood, these other distractions were thrown in to harass still further all earnest seekers after that knowledge which is the essence of chic and transforms quite inconspicuous women into exciting personalities.

For that is what clothes should do. It is not enough that they are neat and well-cut and pleasant in colouring. Every line and every detail should stress their meaning, so that nothing that is pointless or unnecessary remains.

What changes must we look for, and in what way will our spring and summer clothes differ from those we are wearing now? What was the most conspicuous, and what the most generally accepted line?

During the day the blown-about silhouette is the most striking. Either all the fullness is swept towards the front, or it presses backwards as though the wearer is walking against a strong head-wind. In the evening the most noticeable feature is the concentration of interest in the back of the skirt.

There are distinct glimmerings of an Oriental influence (coolie coats and hats are legion, and some evening dresses have a Japanese silhouette achieved by intricate seaming accentuating the long, slim line to below the knees and ending in a flare at each side of the skirt). There are garden-party models that look extremely reminiscent of 1910, and there are very grand ruffled evening frocks that are in the tradition of the 1880's. These, then, are outstanding impressions. And now we will talk about the things that will matter most.



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Despite many rumours about an alteration in the waist-line it persists in clinging to its natural position. True, Patou raises it slightly in some of his evening dresses, and Maggy Rouff and Jodelle do tailored skirts that are cut above the waist in front. For the rest it is very clearly defined, especially in suits and coats, and it plays an important part in the general tendency to stress once again the natural curves of the feminine figure. Some of Mainbocher's simple silk day frocks are darted and shaped almost as scientifically as a brassière, and in blouses and frocks jabots and ruffles persistently emphasize the bosom. Even hips are no longer regarded as something which a woman should bitterly regret. Slit pockets about two inches below the belt focus the eye, and Lucille Paray, Patou, and Heim are a little more adventurous and put a standing tuck in the same position. In the evening the cascades and draperies which adorn the backs of frocks are sufficiently detached from the silhouette to have the effect of making the body stand out like a figurehead. Since the front is more often than not cut on princess lines smoothly moulded round the waist, this again shows the curve of the hips and at the same time makes them seem very slender.

Skirt lengths vary. Tailleurs remain unchanged; the silk dresses that one wears on summer days have grown a little longer and now rest between the calf and the ankle; cinema suits reach the ankle, and evening dresses just clear the floor, the majority of them having trains, some of which are long enough to be held up gracefully when their wearer dances.

●

The dropped shoulder line is shown in every collection, and squared effects are still seen in tailor-mades, but they are very discreetly padded and avoid all exaggeration. Short sleeves are seen more frequently than long ones on both sports and formal day dresses. On the latter they are usually draped and set into fitted arm bands.

Necklines remain high across the front, except in the evening. Maggy Rouff has a lovely interpretation of this mode. She lightly swathes the silk across the throat and carries the line down to a moderate V at the back. Jodelle also uses this V back on coats to reveal a scarf or the draped neckline of a jumper.

For the moment the most important thing is the classically simple tailored suit. Some have jackets which just reach the top of the hip bone, others are half length. There are quite a few narrow basques. Wide, high revers give an impression of lightness and are often faced with white piqué or the material in which the blouse is made. Some jut forward, as in the sketch of Alex Barton's suit in the centre of the page. The skirts are narrow. Marcel Rochas does one that is almost a hobble, with tiny four-inch pleats at the sides. Many have inverted pleats at the back and front or groups of pleats of uneven height. A few are simply flared or slit slightly at the hem.

Coats are markedly independent. The swagger coat of the autumn is modified and hangs straight from the shoulders. The coolie coat (loose, high-necked, and collarless) is going to be a summer favourite, especially in linen. And full-length coats have flung-back cowls and draperies that give them a monkish air. When fur collars are used they stand well away from the head and show the same backward tendency. Quite often they lie flat across the base of the throat and are fastened there. Halo and Curate's hats in black felt suggest that milliners have lofty aspirations.

●

Heavy crêpes, usually in white or pastel colours, deep-toned taffetas, and vividly printed silks make demure dresses that will be worn with and without an accompanying coat when the summer comes. The light ones have dark blue or brown belts and accessories, and bows or jabots of lace-trimmed lawn or embroidered organdie not only lighten dark dresses but prove once again that nothing is so disarming as simplicity.

ROMANTIC HATS BALANCE th

For several seasons now fashion interest has mainly been centred above the waist. Last spring and throughout the autumn it was our shoulders that focused attention. Now the eye is carried yet higher, and during the coming months our heads will rule our lives.

There is something very exciting about the new hats. They are so utterly different from any that we have worn before, they afford such infinite variety, and they explode so many carefully cherished theories.

Who would have thought that an Englishwoman would wear a wide-brimmed, really dramatic hat with a classically tailor-made suit? Actually she is already doing so, for she has found that the flat-brimmed Breton sailor, or a shallow-crowned hat with a brim that dips at one side and sweeps up grandly off the face is not only a perfect companion for a tailleur but that it takes years off one's age.

Dresses of vividly printed crêpe-de-chine or of plain flat crêpe with delicate lingerie touches provide an excuse for enormous hats that seem rather to *alight* on the head than to be worn. Often the brims dip at the back and front, sometimes they wave, and occasionally they are slit and turned up at the back. The one thing they all have in common is an absence of "pretty" and elaborate trimmings and a realization of the beauty of unbroken lines.

This, then, is the new technique. That the body shall seem straight and slender, like a young sapling, that the hair shall be swept back and upwards, and that the hat shall be the sort one rises to rather than the type which acts as an extinguisher to one's personality, or a retreat from which one may survey the world.

A black and white plaid taffeta hat with an upturned brim of mitred black petersham and a narrow ribbon knotted on the brow. It has a matching Peter Pan collar with a large plaid bow

The very fine triangular veil is an interesting detail of this Suzanne Talbot model of black organdie mounted on net. With the first hat, it comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W.

A luxurious silver fox collar, standing well away from the head and turned back over the shoulders, distinguishes this coat of soft oatmeal bouclé. It comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

EXTREME SIMPLICITY of DAY CLOTHES

Black ballibuntal straw is used for the shallow crowned hat which is sketched at the foot of this page. It comes from Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W., and has a sweeping brim with a natural edge. It is trimmed with a band of flat curled feathers in white and vivid shades of red and emerald green

Drawings by Betty Carter

Double-breasted, with a well defined waist and two pockets, the suit at the head of this page is in checked Saxony suiting and is admirably cut and tailored by Studd and Millington of 51, Conduit Street, W. It would look equally well in tweed, and the fur tie is made of leopard, or alternatively of beige squirrel, moleskin, or dyed ermine

Very simple short-sleeved dresses are going to be tremendously important. They will be worn with collarless coats which reveal the draped neck-line. This plaid washing silk frock in the loveliest of colours has a plastron front cut in one with the yoke and tied at the back of the waist. It comes from Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street, W.

THE BACKWARD TREND AT NIGHT

FLORAL TAFFETAS

•

FERN-PATTERNED LACE

•

GEOMETRIC DESIGNS

Peter North

A very subtle and charming line is shown in the dress which is photographed above. It is much less exuberant than those on the left, but it has the flat widened shoulder line and spreading hem that were included in almost every one of the Paris collections. Made in a fascinating navy blue silk with a woven satin stripe, it is patterned with double lines and dots in white. The scarf that goes round the neck is carried up from the front of the intricately cut corsage, and the sash ties at the back. It comes from Harrods and would be ideal for travelling and for informal parties

Two lovely evening dresses which show the new tendency to concentrate all the movement in the back are sketched on the left. Both reveal the natural lines of the figure, but an enchanting silhouette is created by the graceful draperies, which are so light that they seem to drift after the frock rather than to be an intrinsic part of it. The first dress is of printed taffeta, with a horse-shoe bustle and a short train, while the second is of delicate black lace with a chiffon cape and a jewelled clasp at the neck. Both models come from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

I expect all motorists were interested to read the other day that a learned judge had suddenly come out into the open and taken the motorists' viewpoint. Motorists as a rule look upon the Bench or the Court as anti-motorist the moment they enter. In the particular case in question the judge went out of his way to uphold the rights of a motorist who was prosecuted by the police. In actual fact what the judge really did was to uphold the liberty of the subject, not because he was a motorist, but on the grounds of being a British citizen.

The defendant in question was up on a charge of being drunk whilst driving a car; and from what I can gather, after the police had examined him, he was allowed to summon his own doctor, who likewise gave evidence against the accused. The judge seemed to think it was wrong that a British citizen should have to pay the professional charges of his doctor who promptly proceeded to give evidence against him, and I think I am right in saying that the judge actually dismissed the case and made the remark that he hoped the police would refund the fee which the accused had to pay.

If only motorists could always come before magistrates or judges who have such a strict idea of justice as was evidenced in this case I feel that a tremendous amount of good would result. At the present moment drivers are hauled up for trivial offences before courts which are frequently anti-motorist before the case commences. If the courts were all thoroughly impartial as in the case alluded to any driver who was convicted would immediately be shunned by his acquaintances. All of us would then strive to our utmost to avoid being hauled up for misdemeanours.

Quite a number of people high up in the counsels of motoring hold the opinion that any driver who does not give way to another overtaking or sometimes coming in the opposite direction is guilty of an offence, and should be dealt with accordingly. I am afraid that I thoroughly disagree, for in nine cases out of ten when I have to give way to another driver I feel I am being imposed upon without due cause. Perhaps it is the few drops of Irish blood in my veins that first of all prompts me to stick to my ground and let the other fellow look after himself. Every day I reckon that I save at least two people's lives as I drive my car along the roads in an orderly manner. The people whom I save are nothing more or less than idiots who probably know quite well that unless someone gives way they will be in an uncomfortably tight corner.

All of us have occasion to form one of a queue of cars following some slow-moving vehicle like a lorry, and although it is irksome to reduce speed we feel that unless there is a long, straight, clear stretch of road ahead it would be too risky to pull out and overtake the one or more vehicles in front. Behind us, some driver becoming impatient, throws discretion to the wind and proceeds to overtake. The road or the conditions of the traffic probably only allow one line of vehicles going in each direction. The over-anxious one suddenly finds a car coming towards him round the corner. A collision is bound to occur unless both the opposing cars pull up or unless the orderly queue immediately slows down and makes room for the venturesome driver. Naturally I, like everybody else, will slow down and make room in cases such as this if any danger to life appears imminent, but I do strongly object to being told that it is my duty to do so, and that if I do not I am a really bad and wicked driver.

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In my humble opinion, when I am driving a car I am a good driver only as long as the presence of my car on the road does not inconvenience other road users or compel them to alter their direction or their speed because I happen to be driving along on the same highway. In other words, every day driving should be looked upon as a sport. We should not insist upon our rights, or what we consider to be our rights, any more than if we were playing a game of tennis or swimming in a club match.

Nowadays it is the fashion to buy a car complete with its body and all its acccessories; they are purchased so that one resembles the other like peas in a pod. In

(Continued on p. 470)

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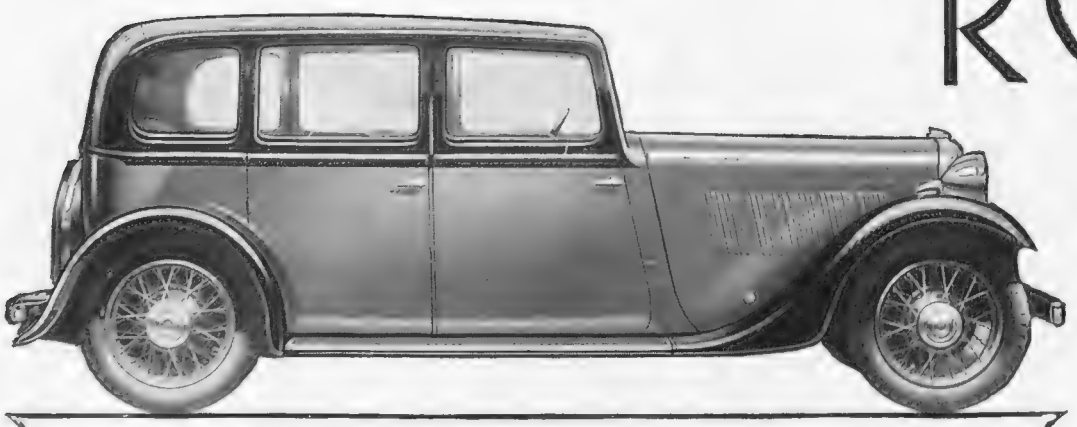

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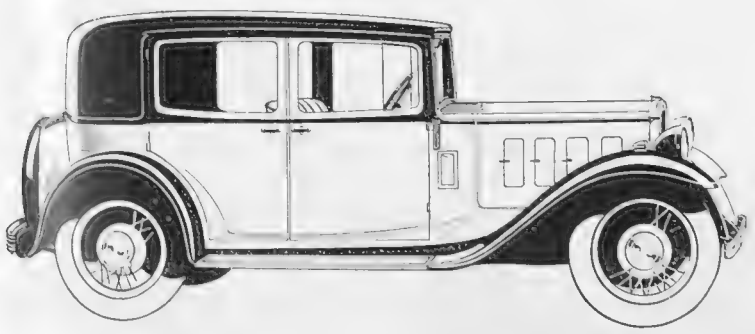

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EXPLORATION IN SPITSBERGEN

(Continued from p. 348)

the depth of the island ice of northern New Friesland would be discovered. A fortnight's trial proved that the fibres of the galvanometer could not stand up to the temperature changes, but the experience gained from the use of the instrument has now brought it to such a state of development that valuable results can be confidently expected. The main interest of this instrument is that its small size and the use of a small dynamite charge make it a practical proposition on a sledging journey of moderate length, and on this occasion it was carried, together with 200 lb. of dynamite, over a journey of 150 miles.

While these three parties were engaged in their work in the north, a base party of eight was maintained at the Klaas Bellen Bay in the Ice Fjord. Here was the central wireless station of the expedition, and, although an attempt to establish communication with the northern parties failed, this station was in daily communication with the Norwegian station at Advent Bay. The survey and geological work of this party lay in Dickson Land, which hitherto was entirely unexplored. Over 400 sq. miles of this land was mapped in considerable detail, and it turned out to be a most interesting piece of country. Rugged and ice-clad in the North, many glaciers flowed through its deep valleys, and the white majesty of Mount Citadel towered over all. Mount Citadel was climbed, but of greater interest was the discovery at its foot, in the old red sandstone, of a rich fossil bed.

During this time the marine biologist and ornithologists had discovered that the centre of life in the Klaas Bellen Bay was the face of the Nordenskiold Glacier. This face is over 2½ miles wide, and in places towers up to 150 ft. above the water. Routine observations were carried on twice a week some few yards from the face, and since the face was constantly calving, the work was not without excitement.

On September 23 the expedition left Spitsbergen after having spent over eleven weeks in this beautiful northern land.

GAUMONT-BRITISH FILMS

(Continued from p. 353)

American market. So far the guaranteed acceptance in America of Gaumont-British films is only six a year, although more than that are in fact taken. This may be considered, however, to be only the beginning of Big Business in the matter of the export to the United States of films. "We have raised more money from the investing public for the cinema industry than anybody else," said Mr. Maurice Ostrer to me. "The only thing that is missing at our studios now is a mint." As a matter of fact he is wrong. There is one aspect of the film business which Gaumont-British so far has not attempted, and that is a "Travelogue" department. At the moment it is left to the Americans to supply those entertaining travel features with amusing commentaries delivered, however, in strong nasal tones. Perhaps even this will be rectified, for the enterprise of Gaumont-British is proverbial. But their chief goal at the moment is some reduction of the entertainment tax. This was an emergency measure. The emergency has now passed, and yet the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation alone is paying the Government over £1,000,000 a year in entertainment tax.

The Riviera in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries

The "British Colony on the Riviera" Exhibition now being held at the Masséna Museum in Nice must be attracting a good many visitors from among the sojourners on the Côte d'Azur. The British were the first to winter on the Riviera, and the Exhibition is a tribute rendered in gratitude of their having so manifestly assisted towards the prosperity of that region. From the historic, artistic, and documentary evidence on view at the Masséna Museum one learns some interesting and sometimes amusing details. For instance, travellers who made the whole journey by land up to the end of the eighteenth century had to cross the river Var sometimes in small boats, otherwise on the backs of *passeurs*, who made their living by this means. Apart from the historic side of the Exhibition which covers nearly two centuries of English life on the Riviera, the organizing committee has gathered together a very representative collection of the works of some of the greatest English artists, including those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Romney, and Burne-Jones.

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THE PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from p.* 366)

the old days we bought a chassis; then we went to a firm of coachbuilders to have a body fitted. When that was completed we then proceeded to fit lamps, hoods, screens, etc. It was highly interesting, and the process of buying extended over quite a long period. To-day everything has speeded up and a car can be selected, bought, and delivered within five minutes. To those who can afford it I would suggest that a return to the old method would be quite a change, and in this jaded world it would provide a period of interest. Unfortunately many of the coachbuilding firms have either gone under or been absorbed by the manufacturers of chassis, but there is still a handful or so of the really old-established concerns which have built coach-work since the beginning of the last century.

Amongst these firms is the well-known Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders, Ltd.) who specialize in making bodies for Rolls-Royce cars. I must confess that it is only within the last few years that I have had occasion to have a coachbuilt body for my use, but I have found it most interesting, and the car I am driving at the moment is fitted with a Hooper body. Before I had had this experience in modern days I often wondered where the value was to be found in a special coachbuilt body. To-day I am no longer confronted with the mystery because I now realize from experience that a really satisfactory motor-car body costs money.

One has only to visit a firm like Hooper's and watch bodies in the process of manufacture to realize that a hand-built body constructed by an established British firm is a very different proposition from the mass-produced all-steel affair which, needless to say, is excellent in its way. I have dealt with many firms in the motor-car trade during the past twenty years and I can truthfully say that I have had less cause to complain of the workmanship turned out, and have never met with greater courtesy or efficiency than has been my lot when dealing with the firm in question. With an unsatisfactory firm the fact of having a body built might be an expensive experience with very little fun attached to it.

In view of the publicity recently given to the first new 3½-litre Bentley to be delivered to a private purchaser, it is of considerable interest that the first second-hand model has just become available and has been purchased—and resold—by Messrs. Jack Barclay, Ltd., the Rolls-Royce and Bentley retailers. This particular car had done only 5,000 miles, and the first owner only sold because he actually made a profit on the sale!

THE EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY

The Lord Mayor of London is presiding at a banquet on Monday, March 19, at the Mansion House in connection with the work of this Society when it is expected that H.R.H. the Duke of York and Mr. Winston Churchill will be the principal speakers. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Horder, Lord and Lady Headley, Viscountess Snowden, Field-Marshal Sir William and Lady Birdwood, Sir Edward and Lady Campbell, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Tweedie, Admiral Wilmot Nicholson, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Hardman Jones, General Sir William and Lady Furse, Sir James and Lady Dunn, Sir Harry and Lady Preston, Sir Philip Gibbs, and other notabilities have promised to attend.

The Ex-Services Welfare Society was established in 1919, at a time when it was becoming apparent that something would have to be done to deal more efficiently with the shell-shock and mental cases resulting from the War. There were then about 2,500 ex-service men in asylums.

The late Sir Frederick Milner originally instigated the movement and a small sum enabled the founders to start a home. But after eighteen months' experience they were faced with the necessity of closing the home through lack of funds.

However, the present general secretary took charge of affairs in 1922, and in 1924 purchased Eden Manor for £4,000, where patients were received and placed under the care of carefully selected nurses. The result of a year of work proved that patients, hitherto regarded as incurable, quickly responded to the treatment in the home.

The Society relies entirely upon voluntary aid. In 1923 its income was £7,000, and in 1929 it had steadily increased to £55,000, but in subsequent years it has suffered somewhat from the slump in common with other charitable organizations. Of the Society's income approximately 70 per cent. is actually spent on the men, and at the end of each financial year there has been only sufficient cash to carry on for six months. In other words, the Society has no reserves apart from its assets in the home.

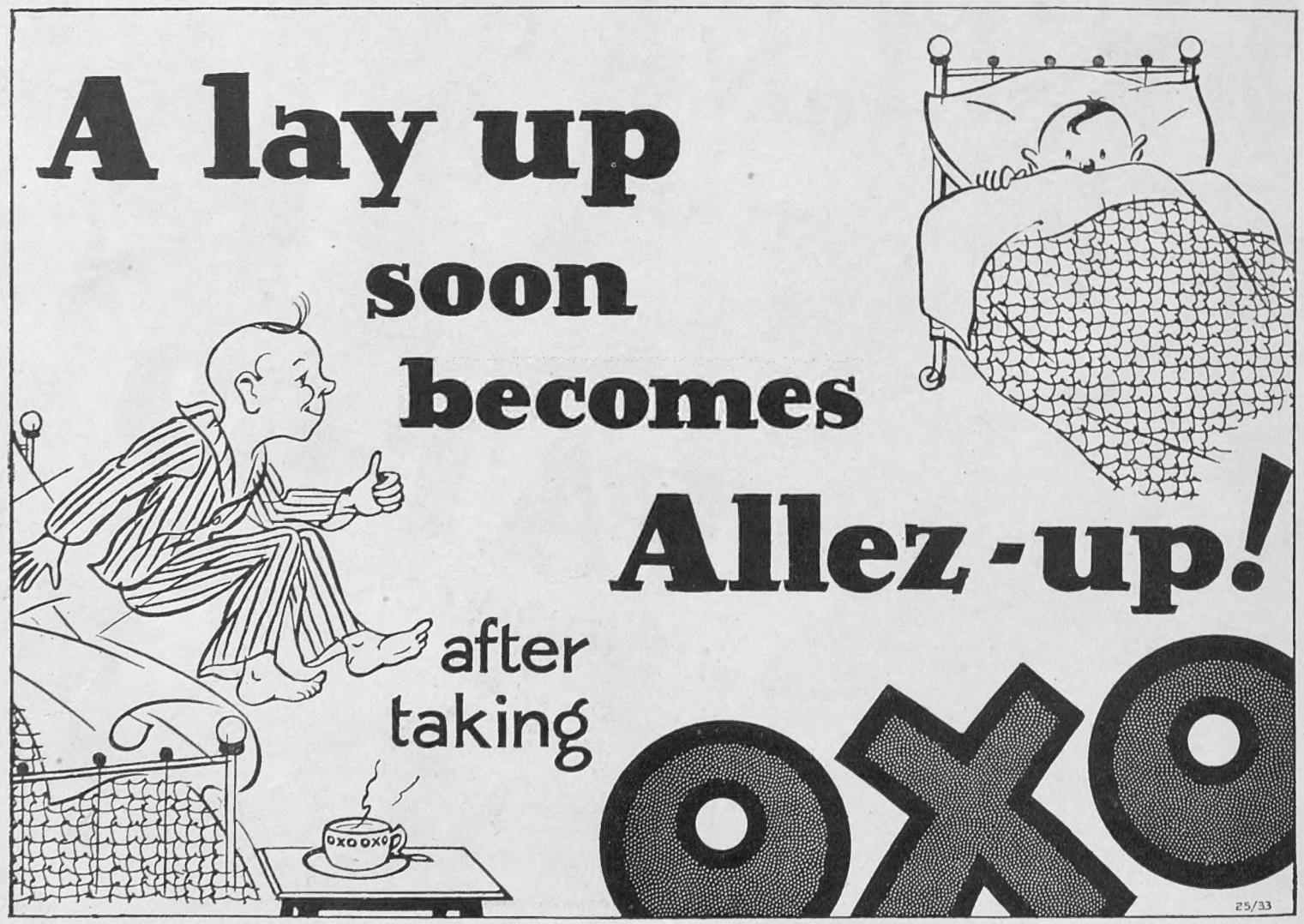
The work of the Society is both extensive and varied. Very early on it was realized that it was impossible to give treatment to a neurasthenic unless his troubles were alleviated wherever possible, so departments were opened in the head office which could cope with the man's responsibilities, often providing allowances and relief to his family. Legal and even the business problems of the patients were made a matter of concern. It was also realized that even if a patient could be brought to a sane outlook on life that the work did not end there. In many cases the men required employment in order to earn a living, but the question of finding an industry suitable for the peculiar type of men afflicted was a difficulty, for the average neurasthenic is essentially temperamental.

This led to the purchase of a property at Leatherhead which offered possibilities both as an industrial and as a residential centre, where the business of Thermega, Limited, was established. The Thermega electric heating blanket and pad are to-day well known, are in almost all hospitals, and the Society had the honour to present one to H.M. the King when he was last ill. Ex-service men are exclusively engaged in this undertaking, being paid by Thermega, Limited a minimum wage of 45s. per week, out of which 25s. a week is earmarked for their accommodation and food in the hostel, a beautiful house in its extensive grounds next to the factory on the Leatherhead estate. Thermega, Limited, in addition to the electric blanket business, have started a new industry in manufacturing meter boards for electric conduits, of which some 25,000 are turned out annually.

Apart from other aspects of the Society's duties, last year over 6,500 meals and nearly 2,000 beds were provided for ex-service neurasthenic cases.

Police courts are attended where it is deemed necessary for the protection of afflicted men, while asylums, mental hospitals, and the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, in which there are a number of ex-service men, are visited periodically by the general secretary.

THE KING AND QUEEN visiting the Ex-Services Welfare Society's factory at the industrial centre at Leatherhead, Surrey



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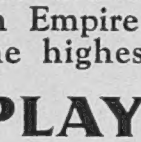

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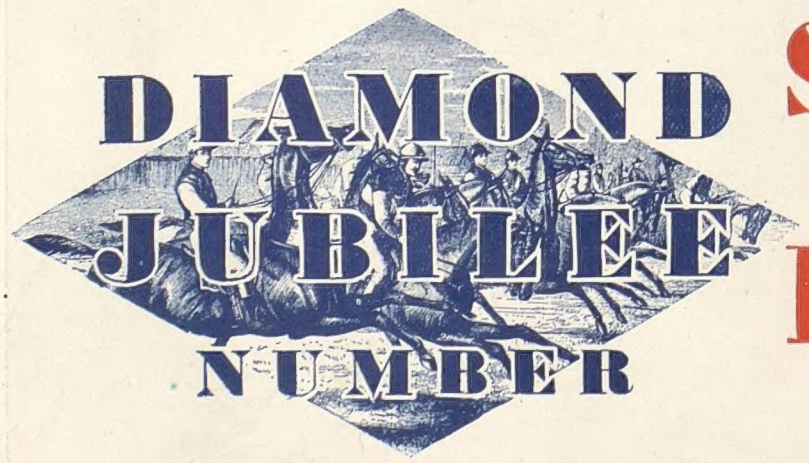

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